THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII. No. 263 FEBRUARY, 1923

Francis Bruguière

"LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE . . . ."

Blanche Yurka as the Queen and John Barrymore as Hamlet in the closet scene of Shakespeare's greatest tragedy, currently being offered by Arthur Hopkins

Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser

INA CLAIRE

Whose Sparkling Comedy Methods Have Found Snug Harbor in "The Awful Truth"

THEATRE MAGAZINE

Edited by
ARTHUR HORNBLOW and
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.

Olla Podrida

Hands Across the Sea

IF the Moscow Art Theatre does nothing else than call to the attention of American audiences that excessive applause in the playhouse is an artistic outrage and a public nuisance, it will have served us well. The announcements from Mr. Gest's office state that Mr. Stanislavsky and his company request the omission of *all* applause until the end of the play. This is logical and proper, although it will be years, no doubt, before our theatregoers will omit the privilege of seeing the actor who has just exerted himself to a full expression of a sincere art, come out again before the lowered curtain like an inflated balloon and bob idiotically up and down.

It is the actor who will have to create the reform—just as it was an actor who gave inception to the nuisance. No one ever thought of a "curtain-call" until the astounding success in Boston of the English tragedian, Edmund Kean, who, in 1821, due to the tremendous enthusiasm of his audience, was moved to leave his dressing room between the acts and go out upon the apron of the stage to thank it for its kindness. Since then the bogie of "calls" has ridden the stage to death. An example of its baneful effect may be had at performances of *Hamlet* with John Barrymore, when that artist, after having risen to heights which he should essay to maintain in the feelings of his audience until the play is again resumed, comes before it in his very personal self, following each act, with the Hamlet quite gone out of him and takes to curtseys until the curiosity and pleasure of the heavy-handed in the house is gratified. Quite without any reflection on Mr. Barrymore's performance, which we deem magnificent, we suggest he notice that prolonged and tedious applause does not come from the intelligent element of the audience. It is the thin-minded and the superficial who have merely that way of relieving their sentiments. Usually, the person of breeding ceases to applaud after one call and he gives that out of courtesy and custom. Many do not applaud at all, and it is often they who are the most moved. But certain is it that the curtain call and applause nuisance of first night audiences who feel prompted to burst into ecstastic palm slapping when any new face appears on the stage is a proceeding entirely unindicative of true feeling.

It is a question whether the applause-maniac is not somewhat more of a pest than the gifted deep sea cougher of the bronchial season. He applauds at the wrong moment, often spoiling a scene; he keeps up his noise long after the general enthusiasm is quieting down. He is a terror to theatre-goer and artist alike. In Moscow, audiences have a way of letting the artists know they have won approval without making a mess of the piece and jumping-jacks out of the players. We hope Mr. Stanislavsky's influence in that regard will be telling and lasting.

Mumbling Mummers

ELSEWHERE in this issue is a letter from Mr. Henry Hull that strikes the key-note of a large volume of correspondence that comes into the office of THEATRE MAGAZINE. This very morning our eye falls on still another letter from Mr. Alexander Lambert that says, in part, "My ears, aching from the strain of trying to hear the usual actor speak his lines, prompt me to go to the movies. The quarrel as to whether all the good actors are dead is settled for me in the affirmative when after years of recent play-going I must conclude that to understand what present day actors are saying one must learn lip-reading!"

Mr. Hull and Mr. Lambert, *et al,* have ground for their grievance. There is no school of speech in the American theatre. The recent visit of Sorel and Lambert, of the *Comédie Francaise,* emphasized the matter of our shortcomings in the delivery of the native tongue on our stage. For one thing, intonation is sorely neglected, as is also accent. Mr. McKay Morris's arch-Americano was in place for the part of Dr. Kennicott but for Romeo it was distressing. However, as with many other American actors his highly local diction was all he had to give.

But worse even than the local accent, twang or drawl or whatever it may be, is the failure of so many actors to project what they are saying. The mumbling actor who defends himself by speaking to us of the day of "roaring" as being ended proves he does not know his trade. The trained and competent player knows well that by proper tonal value he can project a whisper to the gallery eaves. Making an audience guess what he is saying is shoddy technique on an actor's part and from every standpoint inexcusable. No director should retain an actor in any part unless he can hear that actor's lines comfortably from the last row of the house.

Confidential

WE have been asked to announce that requests are in order from readers who may wish to have certain of their favorites treated in either the Biographical Page or Mirrors of Stageland Departments of THEATRE MAGAZINE. The Editors will pass all such orders on to the proper persons for fulfillment. It may not always be possible or advisable to comply, but we shall do our best.

And while on the subject of readers and the unusual interest being taken in certain features of the magazine, we might forestall a large volume of correspondence by advising here that prints of photographic portraits and art studies printed herein may usually be obtained at reasonable cost from the photographer to whom credit is given for the picture desired.

MARBLE

The Rough and the Finished Product Bewitchingly Contrasted in this Life Study by Hesser

Pirandello—The Theatre's Latest Genius

Italy's Extraordinary New Playwright Introduces a New Movement in Drama

By ALICE ROHE

A PIRANDELLO Conscience is something which America seems in a fair way to acquire.

While we are listed, internationally, as a materialistic nation, there is no country that welcomes intellectual novelties as eagerly as the United States.

Having achieved psycho-analysis to a degree of commonplaceness, when inferiority complexes and suppressed desires have become conversational topics for infants, we seem quite fit for the Pirandellian "state of mind."

Of course, the commercial value of this modern Italian dramatist will have a lot to do with his influence in America. But he has one trump card in his favor. Luigi Pirandello is essentially a cerebral playwright. To appreciate him presupposes an agility in mental acrobatics. Surely upon that basis alone Pirandello should become a fad, if not a pleasure.

For the commercial stage Pirandello cares not a penny, in the sense that he would never swerve one step from his psychological conclusions, even if by swerving he could "put over" a tremendous hit. But, like all foreign playwrights, he realizes that American approval is a very important matter.

A WORLD WIDE AUDIENCE

THE Pirandellian Conscience has pervaded Italy for the past five years. England has acquired it, to a degree. His plays have been translated into German, French, Russian as well as English.

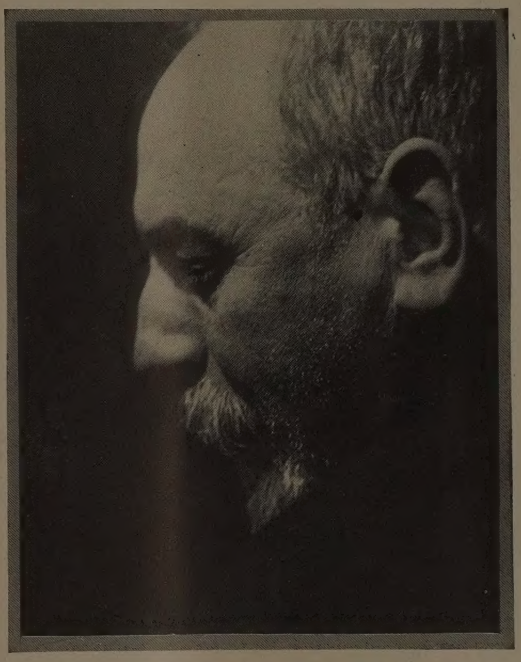
Now America is becoming Pirandellianized. Brock Pemberton is the first American to produce a Pirandello play—*Six Characters in Search of an Author*. David Belasco has several of his dramas under consideration, and other managers are looking into this Pirandello "state of mind."

Whether or not Pirandello becomes a vogue in America, the result will be interesting as illustrating the trend of our theatrical taste. The mystery melodrama with the "Who DID commit the crime?" suspense; the trick mystery play; the dream mystery comedy, have become so beloved of the American theatre-going public that the Pirandellian cerebral mystery drama may follow the materialistic as a consistent successor.

Pirandello's dramas are built upon the fundamental thought:—"What is reality, what is fiction? What is truth, what is illusion? Constantly, reality and make-believe are being contrasted in such baffling confusion that the materialistic mystification drama is simple in comparison.

It may seem exaggerated to say that there are as many thrills, as many moments of horror and tragedy-filled suspense in a Pirandellian drama like *Cosi E (Se Vi Pare)"* or *Enrico IV* as in *The Bat* or the successors in *The Seven Keys to Baldpate* school. But while Pirandello's plays are cerebral, there is as much dramatic action as though visual scenic illusions and unexpected material situations were developing the climax.

Aside from the fact that Pirandello has founded a "new theatre" and has given impetus to a new dramatic movement, he is, in himself, one of the most interesting figures, from the psychological and creative standpoint, in literature today. Although



"He is a man of fifty-five. He never wrote a play until he was fifty and in the past five years he has written twenty-two plays!"

the originator of an ultra-modern dramatic trend, he is a man of fifty-five and he never wrote a play until he was fifty. In these past five years he has written twenty-two plays. That in itself, according to psychological traditions, is out of the ordinary. While fifty years do not, by any means, make an old man, it is not often that a man of that age creates a virile modernist school and demonstrates such prodigal productivity. We are accustomed to associate such phenomena with youth. Still more, Pirandello who works at his desk from eight in the morning until one o'clock and then again from three in the afternoon until five, continues the career with which he began his professional life—that of university professor.

Pirandello is, himself, like the unusual cerebral problems of his plays. He impersonates the theories he holds dear—that people are an aggregation of personalities. He himself is youth and age. He has the virility, the enthusiasm, the fearless, mentally adventurous spirit of youth linked with the learning, the erudition which comes with years.

"I don't live—I write," said Pirandello when I saw him in his villa on the outskirts of Rome.

"I was fifty years old when I wrote my first play, but before that I had written three hundred and sixty-five romances—novels and novelettes. They have been published in twenty-four volumes. You see, I have been writing for over thirty years.

"My theatre was really born while I was working on a book, *"Uno, Nessuno, Centa Mila"* (*One, No One, a Hundred Thousand.*) I laid this book aside for five years to write plays. Now I am finishing it. It expresses completely the theories in my plays."

AN UNUSUAL PERSONALITY

I SAY there is no reality. There are always illusions which cause the confusion of personality. There are many of us in one. Our personality expresses itself differently to different people. You, for instance, will carry away quite a different impression of me than the next person who calls. Often people want us to be what we are not. They want us to be what they fancy us, what really we cannot be. Truth is like a mirror, each one sees himself as in a glass."

A momentary feeling of pessimism, a baffling sense of unreality crept over me as I sat face to face with this unusual personality, before his manuscript covered desk. The ink was still wet on the pen; everything indicated that he had been completely absorbed in his work when I entered. Seeking reality, my eyes wandered past the freshly written pages, through the villa windows, beyond stone pines, into the distant Roman campagna, then back to this remarkable man, who, for all his absorbtion in his work, for all his cerebral activities in productions and conversation, is one of the most genial, easy-to-talk-to persons I have met.

But it is well to have some experience with psychology, analytical, experimental or otherwise before interviewing Pirandello, if one wishes to follow the intricate mazes of his conversation. As quick in his replies as in his movements, he is still quicker in the almost eyrie glance of his brown eyes, bird-like in their quizzical brightness.

Shining with eager questioning, at the same time, they seem to reveal a power of penetration that goes beyond the immediate into the beyond which ordinary mortals can not hope to see. Accentuated by the gray Van Dyke beard, and gray hair, the eyes,

(*Continued on page* 58)

From the Sketch-Book

of

CONRADO MASSAGUER

A Famous Cuban Caricaturist Gives Our Readers the Result of a Visit to Broadway

Above, **John Barrymore as Hamlet.** ***At the top, right,*** **Alla Nazimova.** ***In the centre,*** **Leon Bakst, the famous painter and designer.** ***At the bottom,*** **Balieff, the illustrious compere of the Chauve-Souris.**

In his meanderings through the show-world, Massaguer's clever pencil has caught the humorous likeness of practically every type of the American stage. Those above are—*beginning at the upper left and looking across*—two artists of the *Chauve-Souris*, Charlotte Greenwood, Paul Whiteman, Florence Mills, a Follies girl and a Plantation Hula girl, Alfred Kappeler as the taxi-driver in *Seventh Heaven*; Ina Claire in *The Awful Truth*. The cowboy is, of course, Will Rogers of the trick rope and the talented *bon mot*—and at his back a few folk from the Follies, including Gallagher and Shean. *In the left hand lower corner*, Bela Lugosi, the Hungarian actor, and Estelle Winwood in *The Red Poppy*, a dancer at the Music Box, and, *at the right*, Bobby Clark.

The Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

XI.—ETHEL BARRYMORE

ETHEL BARRYMORE, the moon woman. I call her so because like the nearest planet she waxes and wanes. Her native tendency is to enhance her avoirdupois. Yet now and then she assumes control and the pounds vanish between seasons. Folk say, "Have you seen Ethel Barrymore of late? She has grown absolutely slender again and looks so young."

There are other seasons when she is disappointingly plump. As that year when I gave a theatre party and the man who had sat at my right at dinner moaned his surprise at sight of her in *A Witness for the Defense*. "How a child knocks a figure!" he moaned. That Samuel Colt was a fascinating child and that his mother had found happiness complete in her maternity was an argument wasted on him. "She used to be so beautifully thin and straight. She had the lines of a fawn" he complained.

But on later days when she had assumed command, the multiplicity of curves vanished. She had returned to her former physical standards, those of her girlhood, when I saw her smoothing the mauve sheen of a new silk gown and saying "I am glad my hips are so flat."

Yes, a moon woman. This not alone because she waxes and wanes as does the low hung planet, our most intimate neighbor. First the slim crescent, then the greater curve, finally the too complete roundness. Then, after electrical treatments and semi-starvation, the crescent.

Because the gaze of round, admiring eyes of her company perturbs her, she orders a large screen placed on the stage and rehearses behind it. Which causes the members of her company to lift eyebrows and shoulders and say, "Oh well, if she likes it that way."

In the matter of social or semi-professional engagements she is an expert promiser and a poor performer. In this respect she resembles David Belasco. It is the fifth engagement he keeps, not the first.

Writing folk, they who seek interviews, like her less than do the members of any other craft. She has the habit, which she shares with politicians, of repudiating the statement that issues more bodefully from print than from her lips.

A St. Louis girl interviewer drew from her pronouncement against the boredom of society. "You must deny it," said Charles Frohman, "you cannot say these things of the people who go to your plays and who invite you to their homes." She denied it. The newspaper denied her denial and stood by its girl interviewer.

The people of her own profession have erected a shrine in their hearts to Saint Ethel. Her moral aid to them, when she joined the actors' strike, placed her in their calendar.

She has courage. She possesses initiative. She scorns the foot worn tracks of tradition. She abhors the rut. Else she would still be playing under the aegis of the Frohman estate. Instead, she attempted a gloomy Hauptmann play, and is essaying Juliet under the management of a pioneer manager.

Briefly, Miss Barrymore is of two equal radiances. She shines from the stage and she shines in her family relationships. She has infinite love and thoughtfulness for her three children and her two brothers.

In her brothers she manifests enormous pride.

"I never feel sure what the family inheritance will do for me. I always go nervously upon the stage" she has said. "But I am certain when my brothers walk upon the stage that their inheritance will guide them. I know that they cannot go far wrong."

Her Radiance, the Moon Woman!

XII.—EDWARD SHELDON

ROMANTICIST on the stage, for he will ever be associated in the minds of audiences with *Romance*. It was his most successful play. Holbrook Blinn told him the story of his mother, Nellie Holbrook Blinn, who recited patriotic poems with such fervor that Grand Army men unhitched the horses from her carriage and themselves drew it to the Brevoort Hotel. That incident was the beginning of *Romance*. Upon ears not attuned to dramatic strains the anecdote would have fallen without an echo. In the case of Edward Sheldon the echo was a quaint, heart reaching play that gave a little known actress her impetus to the heights of success. The play lived through three successful years in America and three in England.

Mr. Sheldon essayed realism. He achieved it in *The Nigger* and *The Boss* and in *Salvation Nell*. But it is as a romanticist he longest will live in the memory of playgoers.

A hero, did I say? I repeat it. He is a hero who meets upstanding a cruel blow. When he came from college, with his play, *Salvation Nell*—Mrs. Fiske said: "Is it possible the play was written by that pinkcheeked boy?" A pinkcheeked boy he was at twenty-two, when that, his first play, was produced. Midway of the fifteen years that followed the hand of illness was laid heavily upon him.

His physician gave to him the advice that Horace Greeley gave to young men: "Go West." The young dramatist went to Hollywood. There he manifested the keen interest in the phases of life that had made him a dramatist. He wanted to see how motion pictures were made. Every day he appeared at the studios, in his wheeled chair. Always he was alert, for the time self forgetful.

He returned to New York and chose for his habitation one of the roof bungalows, the high sanitaria, where a few New Yorkers of exceeding wisdom live to conserve their health. To this high home Mr. Sheldon went courageously, knowing that it might be a rendezvous with death. Some of the comrades of the years of his health follow him to the high habitat. It is characteristic of him that when they pay their visits they find him more interested in them than in himself and his own stricken state. He is a delightful host. His home is the great artistic mecca of New York. Entire companies give their plays for him there. Famous cabaret people—like Florence Mills—dance for him. Noted pugilists spar there—such as Benny Leonard.

When they leave they speak quietly, but moved of having spent an hour with Greatness.

XIII.—DAVID WARFIELD

HUMILITY, that soil from which beautiful flowers grow, is David Warfield's chief characteristic. In part, racial. For if you ask him of his nationality, he answers, "I am a Jew." This, although the Jews are not a nation and although Mr. Warfield is a San Franciscan. A Coast Defender. A Native Son of the Golden West.

Massive women, buxom bosomed, of the florid type of the Pacific Coast, come to New York for a period of play and play seeing. They encounter issuing from the stage door of the Lyceum the gentle face, the grizzled hair, the figure stooping slightly at the shoulders, the deliberate gait of a famed Californian. They stare but they do not speak. It is David Warfield who speaks:

"Mrs. Nob Hill," he says quietly, "you may have forgotten me. I used to usher you to your seats at the Bush Street Theatre."

"I remember it perfectly," says the flat-

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Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Secrets

A play in retrospect by Rudolf Besier and May Edington, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Fulton Theatre on December 25th, with the following in the cast:

Mary Carlton, Margaret Lawrence; Dr. Arbuthnot, Frazer Coulter; John Carlton. Tom Nesbitt; Dr. McGovern, Elmer Grandin; Mrs. Eustace Mainwaring. Diantha Pattison; William Marlowe. Orlando Daly; Mrs. Marlowe, Mrs. Edmund Gurney.

A PLAY of gentle fragments. A play, that while getting nowhere in particular and ambling about through the long years of love and adversity lived by two finely drawn characters, is as satisfying as a May morning. It tells an old tale—that of the meek girl who leaves everything for the man she loves to join him in want and work with that spiritual courage that women know and that manifests itself best when, after prosperity comes, he philanders. Mr. Besier and Miss Edginton have succeeded in playing a lovely melody on an antique lute. *Secrets* is crammed full of humor and a lazy, entertaining movement that, even when pistols are being fired, never seems like anything quite so bald as "action."

Margaret Lawrence is cast with the happiest possible effect in the rôle of the faithful wife who, in all exigencies, is there to answer "Yes, John" to the tender command of "Come here, Mary." Here is an amazingly adept young actress who grows steadily. She has everything, voice, finish, subtlety, beauty, and a rare intelligence, shot through with a natural bubbling humor. I rank her with Helen Menken as a leader of the younger ranks. Tom Nesbitt is a strong, essentially real John Carlton who through the *Milestones* treatment of the play's passing years progresses in age with a verisimilitude I have never before seen equalled. The play has been finely produced by Sam Forrest.

The Lady Cristilinda

A new play by Monckton Hoffe, produced by William Harris, Jr., at the Broadhurst Theatre, on December 25th, with the following in the cast:

H. R. H. the Duke of Calshot, Gavin Muir; The Bishop of Uttoxeter, A. W. Lucy; The Marquis of Leith, J. Malcolm Dunn; Mayor of Hammerpool, A. P. Kaye; Sir Julius Samoon, Eugene Powers; Father Reaney, St. Clair Bayfield; Lord Llanelly. Ethelbert Hales; Christopherson, Arthur Byron; Rapho, Courtenay Foote; Martini, Leslie Howard; Iky-Mo, Ferdinand Gottschalk; The Lady Cristilinda, Fay Bainter.

AFTER weeks of Rialto mumblings that *Cristilinda* was a provincial fiasco, milady came to town and revealed herself in a wholly captivating light. Mr. Hoffe's new play is a reverential and unusual piece of work, marked above all by a sensitive humor and a distaste for the banal. A young circus girl poses for a religious painting which is palmed off as an antique and presented by a wealthy collector to a church where it is turned into a chapel altar. The model, who due to parental influence has had to part with the young artist who painted her, and whom she loved, has been crippled in the ring and remained true to his memory. At a time when the painting of herself in the rôle of a Saint is about to be disclosed as a forgery she beseeches those who have learned the secret to bury it in their hearts and permit her picture to continue to serve as something holy. Her great ambition is gratified in a simple and hugely effective last scene before the picture itself, lit with the candles of the mass.

Fay Bainter is wholly satisfactory as the young circus girl and Leslie Howard as the artist lends a needed touch of sincerity and artistry in a brief but important rôle. The cast assembled by Robert Milton, the director, ranks with that of *Rain* in its perfection. Livingston Platt's settings are the best that artist has ever achieved.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

THE AWFUL TRUTH: The season's highest comedy finely played by Ina Claire and Bruce McRae.

HAMLET: The greatest Hamlet the younger generation has ever seen—John Barrymore.

LOYALTIES: The best drama England has given us in years—beautifully played by Englishmen.

RAIN: The super-melodrama of many years with admirable acting all round.

R. U. R.: A Czecho-Slovakian thriller about men-machines. The Theatre Guild's current best.

SECRETS: Lavender and old lace,—the love story eternal winsomely and amusingly handled.

Johannes Kreisler

A fantastic melodrama by Carl Meinhard and Rudolf Bernauer, produced by the Selwyns at the Apollo Theatre on December 23rd, with the following in the cast:

Jacob Ben-Ami, Erskine Sanford, Manart Kippen, Cecil Owen, Fritz Adams, Hyman Meyer, Oliver T. McCormick, Lotus Robb, Charles R. Burrows, Anna Bates.

A GARGANTUAN orgy of scenery is this bizarre entertainment, imported, lamps, stages, music, inventors, and all, from Berlin, where it has achieved notable success. Its duration of two and a half hours suffices to include some forty-one different sets. The mechanics of the thing are absorbing,—over-absorbing in fact, though in this instance it doesn't matter much, due to the play itself being thin and eccentric dramaturgy, somewhat mad in conception and half incoherent in its English adaptation by Louis N. Parker. The operations involved must have cost Frank Reicher, their director, at least twenty pounds.

The play tells the story of a young composer, Johannes Kreisler (played by Jacob Ben Ami) who endlessly meets the personification of his Great Love only to be rebuffed by fate. In three acts he meets as many women all of whom appear to him as the creature of his inspiration, Undine. But life (as well as a great quantity of the scenery) moves none too smoothly and Kreisler sinks into a melancholia which after forty-two scenes of trouble his audience is about ready to share.

The possibilities in the use of scenery that shifts with the rapidity of a motion picture cut-back are boundless. Once the public has become accustomed to the mechanical curiosity of its achievement and stage-hands sufficiently drilled in its accomplishment to be able to eliminate the terrifying quality of jerkiness and mishap our playwrights may turn with confidence to Mr. Svend Gade's invention.

Mr. Ben Ami wails his way through *Kreisler* with a quantity of pathos and nightmare-like gesture. At no point is he effective or genuine. Miss Robb, too, is lost in the vast sea of bubbling scenery. No artist can hope to contend with a circus.

The Merchant of Venice

Shakespeare's comedy produced by David Belasco at the Lyceum Theatre on December 21, with the following in the cast:

Duke of Venice, A. E. Anson; Prince of Morocco, Herbert Grimwood; Antonio, Ian MacLaren; Bassanio, Philip Merivale; Gratiano, W. I. Percival; Lorenzo, Horace Braham; Shylock, David Warfield; Tubal, Albert Bruning; Launcelot Gobbo, Percival Vivian; Old Gobbo, Fuller Mellish; Stephano, Edward H. Wever; Leonardo, Edward Crandall; A Jester, Warde de Wolfe; Portia, Mary Servoss; Nerissa, Mary Ellis; Jessica, Julia Adler.

MR. BELASCO'S *Merchant* is a triumphant development of his well-known theories of meticulous realistic presentation. Mr. Warfield's Shylock is a somewhat less triumphant result of an ambition nurtured through the many years that have passed since he played that other notable Jew, *The Auctioneer*,—the part that first won attention for him as a legitimate actor. His interpretation is quiet, scholarly, sincere. His reading is for the most part faultless, notably in the great speech that deals with a Jew's external resemblance to Gentile humanity. His eyes carry a constant burning, poignant hate. His manners and methods are authentically Hebraic. But he lacks the terror, the fierceness and the tragedy of Shylock. It is claimed that he has essayed to make the Jew a sympathetic one. It is true that this effect has been achieved, but no voluntary effort on Mr. Warfield's part is responsible. Mr. Warfield is essentially a Peter Grimm; a Music Master. He is soft, gentle, loveable. He has made a business of being just that for many years of profit. Shylock is not an old Grand Army Man. He is a creature rocked with intensities so violent as to make his servants leave his fat board and proceed to a Christian's lean; so terrifying as to make his daughter, a sweet girl, flee with a gentleman not of the flock she has been taught from infancy to accept as her exclusive proper associate. Mr. Warfield hates and spits. He recoils and falls down in anguish. But there is no passion in it all because the passion is not inherent in the man. Warfield is an admirable tragic reader, but a less admirable tragic actor. His Shylock—for all its being *a* Jew—is not *the* Jew—the one vital dynamic and dramatic thing about one of the Bard's most tedious plays that has given cause for its endless interpretation.

The Belasco production is sumptuous. The caskets are marvellous metal boxes brought from Italy at a cost of $16,000 and they look it. The settings by Ernest Gros are without exception so ravishingly lovely as to make a production of Shakespeare done in the Jones' manner seem little else than a colorless platform reading. The costumes are exquisite. New York has never seen so literally priceless an ocular presentation of Shakespeare. It is something certainly to be seen and to be admired. Mr. Belasco can never hope to regain the fortune he has spent on this crowning venture. A part of it will return but all of it, never. For which reason I can only lament that somewhere a trace of swift inspiration has not crept in to lend a beauty and a power that is above the merely opulent and sincere. The Shylock did not furnish this element of needed exaltation to the affair. The Portia of Mary Servoss was sorely marred by an illness on the opening night which must have caused her to play in pain and dread. Her readings—especially as the play wore on—were above reproach. In fact, if anything they were too precise and over-coached. She was charming and effective in the court scene, and attained some measure of her expected force in the last act, when, the play nearly done, she felt the ordeal over.

The finest individual performance was that of A. E. Anson as the Duke of Venice. His majesty, command and reading made his all too brief scene thrilling.

Other performances were capable but none of them were especially notable. It was Mr. Belasco's night.

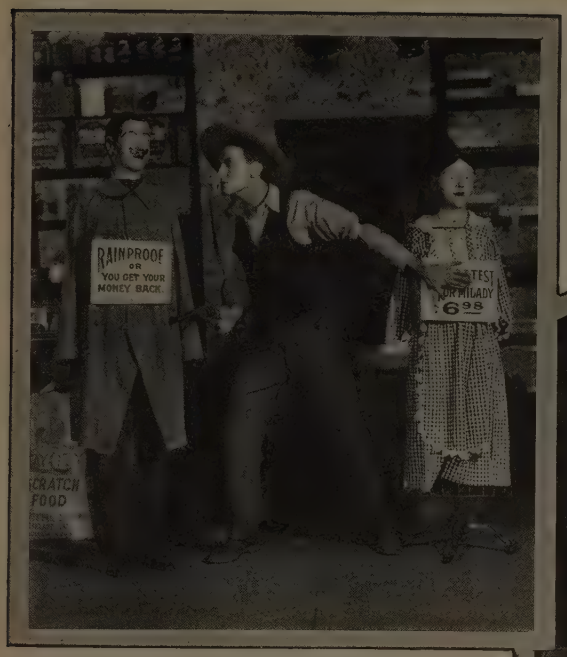
The Masked Woman

A drama by Kate Jordan, based on the French of Charles Mere, produced by A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theatre on December 22nd, with the following cast:

Madame Montebel, Ethel Jackson; Dr. Rene Delatour, John Halliday; Paul, Fred Sutton; Baron Tolento, Lowell Sherman; Diane Delatour, Helen MacKellar; Gaby, Florence Flynn; Dolly Green, Jane Houston; Andre, Richard Abbott; Philippe, Walter Bellinger; Germaine, Alice Fleming; Vidalon, Frank Hollins; Lannoy, Russell Fillmore; Lapoule, Albert Tavernier.

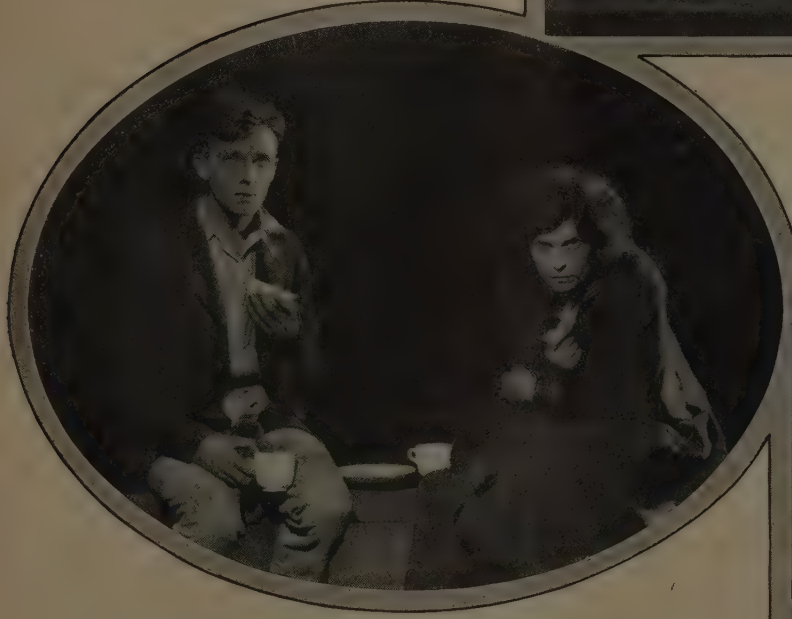
THERE is entertainment a-plenty in *The Masked Woman*. It is the sort of play that will induce a violent pip in forward-lookers and art-in-the-theatre enthusiasts. It is good old hokum of the French school, which means that a very bad man and a very good woman come face to face and there is the deuce to pay in consequence—with the husband of the good woman paying it for a lively fifteen minutes during which he believes himself to be thoroughly *cocu*. There is no more sense or purpose to the proceeding than there is semblance of life. It comes about solely due to the ancient desire—which crops up every now and then in the heart of every manager—to do a play in which a fiend with the ladies comes to defeat at the hands of the one woman he most wants. The play is well constructed as such pieces go save for long and tedious portions of conversation which serve no other purpose than the accepted necessity of keeping an audience in its seats until it is just too late to procure a table at Montmartre. It has been cleverly adapted from the French by Miss Jordan, who was not able to resist fitting into the dialogue a variety of New York slangisms that bring proper shudders to the Parisian butler.

But the production is notable and the evening an interesting one due to three capital performances by Lowell Sherman, John Halliday and Helen MacKellar. Mr. Sherman as the lecherous, woman-mad Baron on the verge of death with his excesses but still anxious to seduce the lovely wife of his physician, gives a really significant interpretation. Mansfield's Chevrial comes to mind. And with the comparison, one is forced to have to say that the one thing that stands in Mr. Sherman's path is his tendency to over-use what actors call "technique." His long, shapely fingers wriggle just a bit too much. His twists and turns and spittings need shading and subtlety before any mantle of importance can descend upon his shoulders. A self-conscious use of one's known talents cannot but carry an unfortunate and disturbing impression of superficiality and insincerity. Sherman gave a splendid actor's performance of the Baron Tolento. Mansfield *was* the Baron Chevrial.



1. Merton Gill (*Glenn Hunter*), shop assistant and errand boy in a small town general store in Simsbury, Illinois, has been badly bitten by the movie germ. When the store closes at night he applies himself assiduously to the study of his correspondence course in screen acting, using as his leading lady and the "heavy" two docile dummies in the shop. Caught by his employer in the act of tossing the "heavy" off a cliff (which happens to be the counter) he admits his serious interest in the high art of the pictures and resigns his position, declaring his intention to travel westward to screen fame.

Pictures by White



2. Arrived in Hollywood with a little cash and a few costumes, he finally manages to procure a job as "extra." During a "take" he is suddenly given an opportunity to do a special bit of acting and fails miserably to qualify. He is vehemently discharged by the temperamental director.

3. Down and out, but still hopeful of his art and encouraged by the fact that in the film magazines all the great stars monthly admit their early "struggles," Merton sticks on the lot and endeavors vainly to get another chance. He finds sympathy and some food at the hands of the Montague girl, a hardy young lady who "doubles" in risky scenes for the high-priced actresses (*Florence Nash*). She develops a profound feeling for the hapless, would-be actor and resolves to help him.

4. The Montague girl prevails on Jeff Baird (*John Webster*), a comedy director, to engage Merton. Merton refuses to play comedy as it is beneath his standards as an artist. Baird, seeing the opportunity for some rich burlesque, prevails upon Merton to act a "tragedy" which, by cutting and subterfuge is to be made into a broad comedy picture. Merton innocently consents to play the hero. What happens to Merton's feelings when the picture is finally shown and he is hailed as having "a great low comedy face" is the most touching denouement in years.

THE NEW PLAY

"Merton of the Movies" Mocks Hollywood Amusingly

2. (*Small group*) The manager of the company (*Ernest Cossart*), intrigued by the idea, permits them to play their scenes before his actors, the speeches being taken down to be later incorporated into a play.

1. (*Large group*) A stock company rehearsal of a Pirandello Comedy is interrupted by the entrance of six strange persons, who announce that they are six characters conceived by an author who then abandoned them, and that they now seek someone who will grant them the privilege of expression. They are members of one family into whose lives has come tragedy that affects each one and they offer to enact before the manager and his players their little drama as it should be done.

(*Top at left*) The step-daughter (*Florence Eldridge*), who is told by Mme. Pace, for whom her mother works, that "an old signor wishes to talk nice" with her. The "old signor" (center — *Moffat Johnston*), proves to be her mother's husband. The subdued and sombre mother (right — *Margaret Wycherly*), who sees herself denied by her son, her illegitimate daughter in the arms of the boy's father, and is forced to witness the tragic fate of her two younger children.

Pictures by Abbé

THE NEW PLAY

Brock Pemberton Introduces the Pirandello Satire—"Six Characters In Search of An Author"

Gringo

A new play of Mexican life by Sophie Treadwell, produced by Guthrie McClintic at the Comedy Theatre on December 14th, with the following cast:

Leonard Light, Richard Barbee; Bessie Chivers, Edna Hibbard; Paco, Leonard Doyle; Myra Light, Edna Walton; Chivers, Frederick Perry; Tito, Jose Ruben; Concha, Olin Field; Stephen Trent, Arthur Albertson.

IT is only the forceful personality and engaging gestures of Senor Jose Ruben that makes *Gringo* little else than theatrical clap-trap. It is an attempt to tell a fiction magazine story in play form, about the usual Americans in the usual Mexico. At no point does the piece approach dramatic form much less dramatic power. It works toward nothing—so one need not be astonished at its getting nowhere. Its dialogue and the general behavior of its characters are as unreal as Santa Claus in Armenia.

Mr. Ruben's performance as a genial Villa-like bandit follows the pattern cut by Senor Holbrook Blinn in *The Bad Man*. I cannot avoid the impression that if ever the real Senor Villa were faced by his Yankee stage counterparts he would go stark staring mad. He is given two personalities invariably. One the hard, desperate and courageous with men; the other soft, amiable and a gallant trickster with women. A Greaser D'Artagnan. With manners of the Embassy and a passion for amorous music off-stage. Around this sort of character has Miss Treadwell, who knows enough concerning Mexico to write something novel and intelligent about it, has spun her piece and filled it with the most offensively noisy gun shots I have ever quailed before in any theatre. If, added to such a character, Miss Treadwell had done a play of some intelligent purpose, she might find success and an excuse with *Gringo*. But she has not.

Mr. McClintic has done better with the production than the script merited. He has collected a competent cast and rigged up some pleasant scenery, horribly lighted. The nice little Edna Hibbard plays, a bit breathlessly, the weakly written part of a half-breed girl who wants to love some one. Mr. Ruben is amusing to watch going through his *bal masqué* impersonation of a villainous rascal who says to the young gal whose figure bequiles him, "You do not lof me, hey? Well, (*looking at her with monstrous egotism*)—you will!" Or words to that effect.

Ineffective piffle.

It Is The Law

A melodrama by Elmer L. Rice, based on Hayden Talbot's story, produced by Samuel Wallach at the Ritz Theatre, on November 29th, with the following in the cast:

Ruth, Alma Tell; Lillian, Rose Burdick; Theodore Cummings, William Ingersoll; Justin Victor, Ralph Kellard; William Elliott, A. H. Van Buren; Albert Woodruff, Arthur Hohl; "Sniffer Evans," Alexander Onslow; James Dolan, Walter Walker; Edward Harley, Frank Westerton; Ellen, Valerie Valarie; Baker, C. W. Goodrich.

THE father of inverted drama has returned (as he claims all offenders do) to the scene of his crime. Mr. Rice who invented (on patents claimed by Clayton Hamilton, George J. Nathan, *et al*) the first new dramaturgical method since Aristophanes, has done again with *It is the Law* what he did several years ago with that melodrama sensation, *On Trial*. *On Trial* was reputed to have made its playwright a small fortune. Which is well, for, since then, Mr. Rice's exploits in more conventional fields have seemed to imply that his methods were more effective when peculiar. *On Trial* was told backwards. So is *It is the Law*. The result is a far-fetched but entertaining melodrama.

Mr. Rice's story hinges about a singularly deft way of "framing" a man for murder. For readers who might care to keep the system in their note-book for possible future use, I shall try to explain it.

Albert Woodruff wishes to pin onto Justin Victor the crime of having killed him (Woodruff). He locates a double for himself in the person of a down-and-out ex-criminal who lends himself for hire to the proceedings, ignorant that they are to be none too pleasant for him. Woodruff makes up his double to resemble him precisely, even in the matter of clothes and body marks. He telephones to Victor to come at once to his rooms that they may discuss a dispute they are having about Victor's wife. When the door-bell rings, announcing Victor's arrival, Woodruff shrieks into the telephone words which would imply to the operator that he is being attacked by Victor. He then calmly proceeds to shoot and kill his double and escape down the fire-escape. Victor, who hears the shot, breaks into the apartment and, of course, is found there by the police who come at the telephone operator's signal. The revolver is on the floor and there too is the ostensible body of Woodruff with whom Victor is known to have been on bad terms. Victor is sent to prison for life. The play concerns itself with unraveling the mystery and does so by Mr. Rice's famous formula of seeing what has happened through the eyes of others.

The play has several weaknesses which will prevent its getting as firm a hold on the popular imagination as *On Trial*. Its villain is practically insane. Audiences do not like to cope with the motivations of insanity. They like their Woodruffs to be normal and motivated by accepted and reasonable mental processes which audiences can understand and meet in their own minds. Its plot depends on the far-fetched possibility of Woodruff's being able to find so extraordinary a double of himself as to fool the world into thinking the man's body is his own. And, worst of all, Mr. Rice expects his audience to believe that Woodruff can return a few years later—disguised merely by a beard and a wretched English accent and deceive those who had known him intimately into thinking he is a foreigner.

Mr. Wallach's production is exceedingly good. He seems to have engaged all the non-employed members of the Lambs' Club for his cast, which should earn him the gratitude of that organization.

Fashions For Men

A comedy by Ferenc Molnar, translated by Benjamin Glazer, and produced by Maurice S. Revnes at the National Theatre on December 5th, with the following in the cast:

Peter Juhasz, O. P. Heggie; Adele, Beth Merrill; Oscar, Clarke Silvernail; Paula, Helen Gahagan; The Count, Edwin Nicander; Mate, John Rogers.

I COULD see nothing in this self-conscious and often dull comedy by the capable author of *Liliom* and *The Devil*. Mr. Molnar has endeavored to do a slight dramatic pastel on the life of a meek man who comes, through his meekness or despite it, to acquire the modest enough things he wants. The character of Peter Juhasz, the gentle shopkeeper who loses his shop to his creditors and his wife to his chief clerk and doesn't do much more about it than wink his eye ever so slightly is an irritating exhibition in the theatre and lacks the first fundamental of a play—action. If Peter doesn't care why should the audience. It doesn't—and, unless I err sadly, it won't.

The Bunch and Judy

A musical show, book by Anne Caldwell and Hugh Ford, music by Jerome Kern, produced at the Globe Theatre on November 28, by Charles Dillingham with the following in the cast:

Augustus de Forrest, Augustus Minton; Foxhall Davidson, T. Wigney Percyval; Lady Janet, Roberta Beatty; Lord Kinlock, Philip Tonge; Otto Steger, Johnny Dooley; Georgia McNamara, Helyn Eby Rock; Gladys Goldwin, Elaine Palmer; Mrs. Jordan, Bertha Holley; Robin, George Tawde; Evie Dallas, Ray Dooley; Gerald Lane, Fred Astaire; Judy Jordan, Adele Astaire; Earl of Torwood, T. Wigney Percyval.

A SINGULARLY dull, old-fashioned book rides heavily through most of this latest Globe-Dillingham classic until in the last act it is tossed fretfully to one side to make way for entertainment of the cabaret variety and never again restored. Added to which is some more Kern music several leagues below his usual quality. Leaving little else than an opulent production, some capital low comedians and two exquisite dancers. A balance sheet which makes a poor showing in these times of theatrical fare which every day in every way is getting better and better!

The *Bunch and Judy* is the most starless first-class musical show that Broadway has seen in years. Its principals are, for the most part, youngsters with vaudeville training who thus far have been satisfied with small parts in the big melody offerings. I am wholly satisfied with this arrangement. The name bogey rides too heavily in the theatre today, as it is. The Keith office is endeavoring to eliminate it in the variety world, and Mr. Dillingham's step in that direction in the field of the legitimate would be productive of entirely satisfactory results were the parts he produced for his fledglings worthy of their talent. The only thing that suggests itself is the occasional elimination by way of change in the old familiar "names" among the allegedly skilled book and melody people. *The Bunch and Judy* is as hacked a piece of work in that department as ever shamed the Globe. If Mr. Dillingham will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I shall return it containing the names of six unknowns who will provide his directors with books and melodies at least three times better than this present laboured effort by Miss Caldwell, Mr. Ford and Mr. Kern.

The Astaires—Adele and Fred—are the exquisite dancers whom I refer to above. There is no team dancing today that can approach them for charm, gentility, grace and talent. It is a joy to watch them dance. And they do exceedingly well with the leading rôles given them. The Dooleys—John and Ray—are always funny.

Listening In

A new comedy by Carlyle Moore, produced at the Bijou Theatre by Milton Productions, on December 4th, with the following cast:

Johnathan Cumberland, Dodson Mitchell; Mr. Morrison, Giorgio Majeroni; Miriam Adrian, Helen Flint; Janet Van Sloan, Minna Gombel,; John Coomber, Ernest Glendinning; Harry Van Sloan, Harry Stubbs; William Archer, William Keighley; Dr. Emil Bachman, Frank Andrews; Jonas McKesson, Frank J. Kirk; Messenger, George Gaston; Abu, Herbert Farjeon; Mrs. Grace Pemberon, Mtargaret Linden; Reginald Pemberton, William Davidson; Geoffrey, Gerald Stopps.

AND still they come. The spook plays that are rendered half in the dark and require a supply of smelling salts in the ladies' room. *Listening In* at one point of its development threatens to become the spookiest of them all. On a jet black stage a mysterious "ectoplasm" forms, a tenuous floating spirit-thing that quite creepily waves about until it takes final shape in the ghost of a dead man. A well done mechanical effect that is guaranteed to chill the most hardened spine. But, following that, mystery lessens and a farce comedy develops so far removed from the atmosphere of the first act as to make *Listening In* seem more like two plays than one.

Mr. Moore has devised an ingenious method to perpetrate the old farce trick of retaining a number of people many of them hostile to each other in the same house over several hours. His hero, John Coomber, has been placed in an alleged haunted house by its owner for certain obscure psychological reasons. (The worst expository dialogue I've ever heard in the theatre accounts for the obscurity!) A spirit finally appears to him—that of the dwelling's former owner—and he enters eventually into communication with the spirit through the medium of automatic writing. We find him apprised in advance of dire happenings which in taking steps to prevent involves him in difficulties. Among the portending tragedies is the spirit's announcement that some one who leaves Coomber's house before sunset on a certain day will meet violent death. The author uses this as a reason for Coomber's retaining all those who visit him during that day. Inasmuch as his visitors include a large number of litigants and others with grievances, the haunted dwelling becomes a lively place. The whole proceeding is, of course, extremely far fetched, but is endowed with several moments of merriment.

There are no performances of outstanding merit, except that of a queer mesmerist by Giorgio Majeroni. Mr. Majeroni would make an exceedingly fine Svengali. The part was written for him. And, as a matter of fact, for a long and interesting scientific minute in the final act, he plays it.

The Boot-Leggers

A new melodrama by Will A. Page produced at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, by Madison Corey on November 27th, with the following in the cast:

William T. Rossmore, Robert Conness; Nina Rossmore, Catherine Dale Owen; Arthur Laceby, George P. Collins; Rev. Thomas Laceby, Ernest Howard; Lanahan, Leighton Stark; Morrison, John Lyons; Vicarelli, Barry Townsley; Tony, Antonio Salerno; Judge Hilton, John M. Sullivan; Martin, Oliver Putnam.

ADD to the dire results of prohibition this cheap and wretched melodrama. I am only fearful that due to the present interest in the question it deals with and the large audience of boot-leggers and their patrons that may be impelled to pay it a visit with something of that instinct that sends a criminal (or at least so Mr. Rice says) to the scene of his crime, it may whip up enough local interest to prompt some patriot into producing it abroad. I shall never again be able to look an Englishman in the face if *The Boot-leggers* is played in London. Cheaply and in the crudest imaginable way it paints a grotesque picture of conditions in New York under prohibition. Its story tells of the struggle between the "King of the East Side Bootleggers" and the "King of the West Side Bootleggers." Incidental to it is an alleged exposure of the crookedness and stupidity of all prohibition officials from the chief down. It pictures a Supreme Court judge telling one of the "kings" that if ever the latter comes into his court the case will be thrown out. It lets us witness the sad picture of the same "King's" daughter learning that her daddy is a bootlegger and betraying him as such to her fiance, a proud, young enforcement agent (the only honest one in town!) There is a great play in Prohibition. But *The Boot-leggers* isn't it.

1. Brasa Canava, golden throated pet of the Metropolitan Opera House (*Jobyna Howland* at right) introduces her former husband, Steve Tillerton (*Cyril Keightley*) to their mutual son Walter (*Percy Benton*). The two have never known each other and the family reunion is something of a jolt.

2. The doughty Brasa manages Walter with a soft heart but an iron hand. Skeptical of the world, she distrusts everyone but herself and when Walter, a poetic and decadent youth, announces to his mother that love has come into his life she tosses him gently from her lap into which he has crawled to ask for money.

3. Meanwhile Brasa herself is turbulently carrying on a flirtation with Sacha Bloch, (*Georges Renavent*) a temperamental violinist. Walter with his own affinity (*Beth Varden*) at the left desperately opposes his mother's philanderings. The violinist gone, Walter tries to effect cordiality between Brasa and his girl.

4. The meeting is a luckless one and, driven to despair out of love for her boy, Brasa returns to her old husband who, something of a failure in life, doubts his ability to do anything for the boy or for Brasa. It is a close-knit if not united family that sees the final curtain.

Pictures by White

THE NEW PLAY

Zoe Akins Makes Her "Texas Nightingale" a Bright but Brittle Bird

The Theatre And The West

Small Group Productions Are Rendering Big Centres Indifferent to the Commercial Stage

By PIERRE LOVING

MOST American art movements have their inception in New York and travel westward. The little theatre movement is at least one exception to the tendency, since the small playhouse, as such, had its origin in Chicago about twenty years ago with the founding of the Hull House Players and subsequently, the Chicago Little Theatre, under the able direction of Maurice Browne, and the Lake Forest Players under the supervision of Mary Aldis.

From Chicago the little theatre has spread both east and west, exhibiting the most interesting and varied development at the most distant point from the center of professional drama, that is, in California. At the present time there is in Chicago, in addition to the earlier groups mentioned above, a newer organization known as the Studio Players, which may be fairly compared to the Provincetown Players in New York. The same conditions prevail in general among the Studio Players as among the MacDougal Street group. The acting is probably somewhat inferior to the type of plays put on. As for the plays themselves, they are intelligently chosen and the selection betrays a fine *flair* for what is worthwhile in contemporary one-act dramatic literature.

The Studio Plays rarely drift away from direct contact with life—they prefer life in the "raw" to life sublimated, distilled and sweetened by a flashy sort of sentimentalism. Hence one finds them producing the plays of Eugene O'Neill and Rita Wellman, not to speak of the promising work of their local dramatists. One of the realistic plays of the present season is the initial production of Mark O'Dea's *Shivaree*—a tragi-comedy of middlewestern rural life. The Studio Players are, for the most part, working people, and their success as a group is due in no small measure to the tireless dynamic energy of Mrs. Lilian Udell, the director of the organization.

THE COACH HOUSE PLAYERS

IN CHICAGO, too, there has recently been founded a small playhouse to be known as the Coach-house Players. The theatre is an ancient coach-house, and the piquant Queen Anne name is sure to draw added interest to the productions which are chiefly of the polite farce, drawing-room comedy type.

After Chicago, one naturally turns to Detroit and Cleveland. In the former city, the Arts and Crafts Theatre, once under the stewardship of Sam Hume, now of the San Francisco Theatre Guild and the Greek Theatre of the University of California, is unfortunately lying fallow, owing to a natural preference which the Arts and Crafts Society has always entertained for the handicrafts phase of its activities. The Players Club of the same city is displaying a commendable ferment and is putting on the best sort of available short plays, chiefly American. In Ypsilanti, the Players' Playhouse produces one-act plays in a tiny but extremely well-equipped theatre.

The Cleveland Little Theatre, under the direction of Frederic MacConnel, is gradually swerving away from the brief playlet, which has served as the stock-in-trade of little theatres throughout the country. Mr. MacConnel is a warm advocate of the civic repertory theatre idea and, in accordance with his well-founded artistic creed, is presenting long plays to a multiplying audience. Indeed, from recent authentic reports, a faithful clientèle, so essential to the life of a little theatre, is firmly established, and such plays as *The Cherry Orchard* by Chekhov, *Belinda* by A. A. Milne and *Beyond the Horizon* by Eugene O'Neill are getting enthusiastic support.

DENVER'S LITTLE THEATRE

THE Denver Little Theatre, under the direction of Park French and Sara Lacy, is making rapid progress against all sorts of odds, obstructions being, after all, the everyday lot of most little theatres. There is a tendency to present sweetly sentimental plays, which, I am sure, will be overcome as time goes on and as the audience becomes more actively selective. The Salt Lake Little Theatre, which I had no opportunity of visiting in my tour across the country, was from all reports thriving healthily. Another Utah group, led by Professor Roland Lewis, author of "The Technique of the One-Act Play," is doing no less fine work at the state university.

In New Orleans is the most picturesquely placed little theatre in America. Flanked by the ancient Cathédrale de Saint Louis and the historic structures which face Lafayette Square, Le Théâtre du Vieux Carré basks in the glamour of a romantic past and in a no less interesting present.

New Orleans is far away from the theatrical currents which swirl about Manhattan. California is even further—yet it is here that experimentation among little theatre groups has been most productively diverse. California has more little theatres than any other state, New York included. In San Francisco alone there are the following: The Players' Club, The Sequoia Players, La Gaité Française, San Francisco Theatre Guild, a Children's Theatre, and, in addition, the dramatic activities of the innumerable social clubs which honeycomb the vari-colored life of the city.

The Players' Club is the oldest of the subscription theatres in San Francisco. A tone of dignity and quaint charm pervades this little theatre which was once a Gothic church, a lingering charm held over from the days when the boxes were pews and the balcony a choir loft. Redwood rafters and subdued lights contribute to the effect. Its honorary membership includes many of the best known actors in the country, of this and of an earlier generation. Under the leadership of Reginald Travers it has produced in the past season such varied plays as *Wild Birds,* the three-act drama by Dan Totheroh which won the University of California prize for the year; *Fourteen* by Alice Gerstenberg; Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme;* and several Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It presented with taste and exquisite finish *Plots and Playwrights* and *The Emperor Jones.* The settings are of the new order, usually simple curtains and pylons, which are adeptly manipulated against a cyclorama; the lighting, too, is admirable.

The Sequoia Players, a fire-new experiment, is still in the groping state, but the productions I have been permitted to see augur well for the future of the group. La Gaité Française presents every season several musical comedies and classical French dramas, the casts being chosen from the students of a local school for voice dramatic technique.

The newest venture in the realm of the little theatre is the San Francisco Theatre Guild, launched in September by Sam Hume and Irving Pichel, at the Plaza Theatre. Organized on lines similar to the New York Theatre Guild and presenting an equally ambitious type of modern play, this new Theatre Guild promises to make dramatic history in San Francisco. It announces for the coming season, among other plays, the following: *Heartbreak House, The Truth About Blayds* and *The Rivals.* On its tentative list are *Liliom* and *The Hairy Ape.* The company is made up of a group of professional players of proved ability, augmented by non-professional players from the community.

OPEN AIR THEATRES

IN addition to the outstanding little theatres already mentioned there are many more which clamor for admission to this article. Of course, the Greek Theatre at Berkeley does not properly come under this head, but the indoor winter plays under Greek Theatre management in Wheeler Hall at the University of California, must be mentioned. Sam Hume and Irving Pichel have left the stamp of their personalities on the Wheeler Hall productions which have included a fine selection of contemporary plays by Shaw, Ibsen, Schnitzler, Maeterlinck, et. al. In Oakland Miss Hedwig Reicher has been conducting a little theatre which is achieving significantly fine effects.

The lure of out-door life in California is mainly responsible for the popularity of open-air theatres, such as those in the Bohemian Club grove and at Carmel, but this tendency toward pageantry and *plein*

(*Continued on page* 54)

Edward Bower Hesser

GLORIA FOY

(*Right*) Another singing-dancer who made her brief substitution in *Sally* the stepping-stone to stardom in *Up She Goes*. Born and bred in old New York, Miss Foy began dancing four years ago at the Palais Royal, flitted through *What's in a Name?* and became a favorite at the *Midnight Frolic*.

ROSE ROLANDO

(*Left*) The lithe young dancer of the *Music Box Revue* (now on tour) in Javan regalia for one of her startling interpretations. Aztec blood is said to flow in the veins of Rose Rolando. Certainly, she has a fusion of warriorlike force and grace in her manner evocative of the old Indians.

ARISTOCRATS OF THE DANCE

Two Well-Known Disciples of Far-Apart Broadway Schools

Raymor

J. HAROLD MURRAY

A young tenor who has known two Winter Garden successes, played with honors a leading rôle in *Springtime of Youth* and is now cast as a co-star with Tessa Kosta in *Virginia*. He is a virile type, very welcome to the musical comedy field.

John N. Kelley

PIERRE GENDRON

From a Washington stock company to Broadway came this Ohioan to appear with Laurette Taylor in *The National Anthem*. Pictures have him netted now. He is in David Hartford's *Blue Water*, but is shortly to return to the legitimate.

GLENN ANDERS

Leading man with Hazel Dawn in *The Demi-Virgin*, now on tour, and already familiar in the theatre for his satisfactory work in *Civilian Clothes*, *Scrambled Wives*, *The Ghost Between* and *Just Around the Corner* with Marie Cahill.

Victor Georg

THE NEW LEADING MEN

Who Bring A Serious Attitude to Acting As Well As Brains, Charm and Gentility

When Actors Turn Managers

The Equity Players Undertake the Foundation of a Permanent Playhouse on Broadway

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

THE first thing to get clear—very clear—is that this adventurous undertaking called the Equity Players has nothing whatever to do with any of the actor-made experiments of the past. It is not one of those slapped-together companies of actors out of work that call themselves "Players and Playgoers, Inc." or "The Commonwealth Company," and give performances of *Trilby* or *Hazel Kirke* that would have pained A. H. Woods in his Stair & Havlin days.

The next thing to grasp is that the Equity Players are not in competition with any of the producing managers. They have begun by hiring the theatre of one, and appropriating the star of another; but they have set out to do something with their theatre and their players which has nothing to do with commercial competition.

The Equity Players are trying to acclimatize theatrical art to Broadway.

This means several things. It means that this child of the Actors' Equity Association must try to be a success, as much of a success as its parent. It means also that it must come as near creating the thing called an Art Theatre as the abilities of those involved permit.

First, about being a success: No one can say a truer word about anything depending on any form of art than that this means not trying to be one. The Equity Players know this. They know that—unless they want to spend a great deal of energy on the study of the art of the pander and a very great deal of money on gambler's chances—they had better not try to outguess the commercial manager. If they want to compete successfully with Broadway, they must not try to do anything of the kind. They must concentrate all their attention on just one thing: providing sound, artistic, and theatrical entertainment. They can do this only through building up a permanent theatre and a permanent audience. And this, in fact, is what they are trying to do.

MANY PLAYHOUSES; FEW THEATRES

BROADWAY is well supplied with playhouses, but it has very few theatres. There are hardly more than four stages where playgoers may depend on finding the same quality of entertainment year in and year out. These are the Garrick of the Theatre Guild, the Plymouth of Arthur Hopkins, the Belasco, and the "Chauve-Souris" of Balieff. The Plymouth, however, wavers around from *Little Old New York* and *The Old Soak* to *Richard III* and *Night Lodging;* the Belasco jumps from *Debureau* to *Kiki,* and keeps the playgoer waiting a year or more for a new production, and the "Chauve-Souris" is not yet a permanence.

The problem of the Equity Players, like the problem of the Theatre Guild, is to pick sound plays, produce them with sound casts and direction, and gives enough of them a year so that a playgoer may learn to come back to their theatre every six or eight weeks sure of a good play.

I do not believe there is anything very mysterious about the art of doing this. The success of such a venture is a great deal surer if it is in the hands of one more or less inspired dictator. But a group of half a dozen reasonably intelligent and wholly devoted people can do it. A committee of six has made a success of the Theatre Guild. The Equity Players are starting off with a man in the president's seat who has been working for the project for three or four years, Francis Wilson. Its vice-president is a star who has contributed her services to the first production, Jane Cowl. The other officers and the executive board include Grant Mitchell, Katherine Emmett, George Arliss, Augustin Duncan, John Emerson, Gilbert Emery, Elsie Ferguson, Frank Gillmore, O. P. Heggie, Josephine Hull, Joseph Santley, Paul M. Turner and Edith Wynne Matthison. Not all of these players can be steadily available for committee meetings; there are such things as tours. But the list is long enough to insure the presence of at least half a dozen keen, sound-minded men and women when the problems of the organization are to be settled.

This board of management will have important decisions to make this winter, but some of the most important were settled when it was decided that the Equity Players should occupy a permanent theatre and develop a permanent audience by a program of six productions of artistic merit. I feel the directors would have still less to worry about if the venture were to have a permanent company and some form of repertory. But repertory—a change of bill every other night or so—is a frightening thing to those who haven't seen it work in Berlin, Stockholm, Vienna, Paris, and the East Side. As for a permanent company of players attuned to one another, developed by constant practice on new parts, and cherished affectionately by an audience familiar with their work—I am afraid that the Actors' Equity Association would have to fight a cry of favoritism if only a picked number of America's actors had an opportunity of appearing with the Equity Players.

"Broadway is well supplied with playhouses, but it has very few theatres. There are hardly more than four stages where playgoers may depend on finding the same quality of entertainment year in and year out. These are the Garrick of the Theatre Guild, the Plymouth of Arthur Hopkins, the Belasco and the *'Chauve-Souris'* of Balieff." It was the actors' effort to found a fifth that belonged to themselves—that Mr. Macgowan explains and discusses here.

HOW CAPITAL WAS RAISED

THE wide interest of the whole acting profession—not even barring the "Fidoes," I venture to say—is a splendid asset to the directors of the Equity Players. It certainly has been. It was this element alone that supplied the one thing necessary to the successful launching of a theatre of this kind—capital. This small matter was solved by about a hundred and fifty actors who subscribed an average of a thousand dollars apiece.

But the directors of the Equity Players still have the future to deal with. And the problems of the future are the choice of plays and their direction. Direction is the harder of the two problems. They have begun about as well as they could. America lacks good directors more than it lacks anything else in the playhouse; but the Equity Players have begun by engaging one of the best among the half dozen capable men available—Augustin Duncan. If he has permitted Jane Cowl to play the heroine of *Malvaloca* as if she were a charming gentlewoman instead of a street girl, that is a blunder which he may never commit again. *John Ferguson* and *The Detour* plead aloud in his defense.

There remains, then, the business of picking plays. Here the Equity Players have two great advantages. They know that New York will provide an audience of ten thousand to forty thousand intelligent and sensitive playgoers who like definitely sound, artistic plays; the Theatre Guild has proved this. And they know that this sort of play is lying ten and twenty deep in the treasure-vaults of the European theatre; the Guild, too, has proved this by living off the choicest leavings of the Continent.

So far as the picking of these plays goes, the problem of the Equity Players is to judge which of the tried dramas of the European theatre are sympathetic to our public—or rather to the special public of ten to forty thousand upon which they may count. If they give this problem intelligent attention they will find that every little while they have on their hands a production that a hundred thousand New Yorkers will want to see. Witness *Liliom* and *He Who Gets Slapped.*

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12679

"You Should Have Been With Us!"

A Chat With Bert Savoy, the Red-Headed Vamp of the "Greenwich Village Follies"

By B. F. WILSON

IT was behind the scenes of the "Greenwich Village Follies." A tall, striking figure in black, her purplish-red hair flaring out from under a coquettish black hat, stood before the mirror in a dressing-room of the theatre. The left eye was completely hidden under the alluring tilt of the hat, and a foot-long jade cigarette holder accented the whiteness of the hand that, at intervals, gracefully carried it to the lady's lips.

An efficient-looking maid was in the act of fastening the last of a thousand hooks on the black gown, while the actor, the last word in female vampires, gazed at himself with approval. Nearby, a small, serious young man gravely removed a speck of make-up powder from the glossy silkness of a high hat. His face, even in this innocent act, appeared as if untold tragedy lay heavily upon his soul.

"Which is which?" we demanded.

"I," said he of the purplish-red hair, waving the cigarette holder, "am Savoy, and that—is Brennan."

BERT LOWERS HIS BACK HAIR

ISN'T it gorgeous!" he went on. "You know, I always feel, I'm always so *nervous* when someone interviews us—I feel as if I should die. Really I do! I—I feel as if I should run and get some gorgeous setting—a chaise-longue, a Peke, and of course, Mamma! Mamma just should be there—don't you think? You see, I read all the interviews with famous stars; aren't they just gorgeous? I mean, the background and the scenery! And they have such wonderful jewels, and say such smart things—and wear such grand costumes—you know. But I'm glad, I'm glad you came! Really I am, aren't we, Joe? Even if we are nervous. Now you tell us what to say and we'll say it.

"Come on now," he continued, drawing a chair close to us in a confidential manner, "let's let down our back hair, and have a real chat, shall we?" His cavernous mouth opened wide in the famous grin, and we sat chortling at the mocking sarcasm, the jokes and witticisms that flowed spontaneously and ceaselessly.

"I don't see why anyone wants to interview us, anyway, do you, Joe? We aren't really celebrities, you know—we only do the natural thing. We really get by with murder. Isn't it just gorgeous?"

"You know," he added, "I've always wanted to say something about the stage, but I never had the nerve before.

"We (pointing to the speechless Mr. Brennan) condemn, we absolutely condemn the stage! The system by which young beginners are trained today is perfectly ridiculous. Whenever I go to see a play I always feel the creaking mechanics of the manager's instruction and training behind every word, every gesture. 'One, two, three, four, sit down'; and the actress sits. 'One, two, three, four steps across the stage and faint', and she faints. You know what I mean. Now, I think that the natural thing is the thing to do, don't you? If in the scene, the ingenue, while walking across the stage, accidentally trips and falls, that is the natural thing. She should sit down when she feels like it; she should faint only when a woman normally faints, and not after counting four before she does it.

Apeda

BERT SAVOY AND JAY BRENNAN

"Oh, it's a dog's life, dearie, it's a dog's life. I just wish they would take us seriously."

"In all seriousness (here he grinned and gave me a wicked wink), I think the reason that our sketches and jokes get over with the public is that they are the natural things people say and do. We have been accused of being vulgar and common, and Heaven knows what all, but just the same, the audience roars with laughter and the more risqué the joke, the harder they laugh. Don't you think I'm right, Joe," he added, turning to the serious youth who by this time had obtained a satisfactory polish to the silk hat and was sitting, gazing into space, day-dreaming with a wistful expression.

Before his partner could possibly answer, Mr. Savoy continued:

"You know, Joe is really the brains of the team. He writes all the jokes, thinks them up, and works out all the sketches. Besides, he is one of the cleverest dancers you ever saw, and sings as well. We used to sing and dance when we first teamed together, and only used the jokes to fill out, but the public refused to let us go on with the dancing and we had to cut it out. They only want to hear us talk, and now they absolutely refuse to listen unless we spring a lot of new ones on them all the time.

"Oh, it's a dog's life, dearie. It's a dog's life! I wish, I just wish they would take us seriously. Joe wants to write; really he does, and he already has written quite a lot of stuff about Margie. You know, Margie is just the grandest character, she's too funny—she's just too funny for words. We are going to publish a book in the Fall called 'The Mutterings of Margie.' You know, it's all about Margie—what she does and says at breakfast, at the matinee, while shopping, or at dinner. Joe is working on it now, and he has—he's got an awful lot already written."

THE BIRTH OF MARGIE

HERE we interrupted, anxious to know how and where they had got hold of Margie—that most delightful of imaginary bone heads.

"Margie was born in the night," began Mr. Savoy in explanation and his face beamed as if he had a tale to unfold which would be of greatest interest. But alas, at that instant the call boy poked his head in the door, and rudely yelled: "On stage!" Off rushed Savoy and Brennan, promising to return in a few moments, and we were left to the tender mercies of Agnes, the aforesaid efficient goddess of the hook-and-eye.

Agnes has been with the team for four years, and as she puts it, "a nicer pair of boys do not exist." The dresser was in the profession herself some years ago, but owing to illness and other mishaps, she had been forced to accept her present position. Both her employers were very good to her. She told of long trips around the country; of one-night stands in terrible

(*Continued on page* 56)

Marcia Stein

ANDRE CHOTIN

A Parisian pantomimist and dancer who has attracted attention by the two or three unusual numbers he has contributed to the *Faantastic Fricassée* at the Greenwich Village Theatre. He is seen here as a mute Pierrot in *The Magic Dolls*, a tragedy *sans paroles* conceived by himself.

YVONNE GEORGE

From *Chez Fischer*, the far famed *cabaret intime* of the Parisian's night life, has come this captivating *chanteuse* to sing *Mon Homme* for the mobs that coax speculators into letting them see the *Greenwich Village Follies*. Mlle. George has a quiet, undulating mode of singing that is enormously effective.

Muray

VIVE LA FRANCE!

Two Genuine Artists Donated by Paris to Broadway

Rain

A Play in Three Acts by John Colton and Clemence Randolph

THE second contribution by the English writer Maugham to this winter's stage is an adaptation of his short story, "Miss Thompson," published first in The Smart Sets, and later as one of a collection called "The Trembling of a Leaf," dealing with certain suppressed and unsuppressed eroticisms and having for locale the islands of the Pacific. The work of transforming this short story into a three-act play has been admirably accomplished by John Colton and Clarence Randolph. They have made of it a live, vivid, immensely interesting piece that is at present holding Broadway spell-bound. The condensation published here is by courtesy of Mr. Sam H. Harris.

THE CAST

(*As produced by Mr. Sam H. Harris at the Maxine Elliott Theatre.*)

Native Girl	Kathryne Kennedy
Native Policeman	Chief Whitehawk
Natives	Oka Bunda, Llano Paulo
Ameena	Emma Willcox
Private Griggs, U. S. M. C.	Kent Thurber
Corporal Hodgeson, U. S. M. C.	Harold Healy
Sergeant O'Hara, U. S. M. C.	Robert Elliott
Joe Horn	Rapley Holmes
Dr. McPhail	Fritz Williams
Mrs. McPhail	Shirley King
Mrs. Davidson	Catharine Brook
Quartermaster Bates of "The Orduna"	Harry Quealy
Sadie Thompson	Jeanne Eagels
Rev. Alfred Davidson	Robert Kelly

Throughout the play the scene remains the living room of Trader Joe Horn's hotel store in Pago Pago, port of the Island of Tutuila in the South Seas, during the rainy season. The room opens at one end to a broad veranda and an island prospect of luxuriant vegetation and glittering waters. There are double doors to a store room, a staircase leading to bedrooms above and swinging doors through which are reached the store and living quarters of the trader, a good-humored corpulent fellow from the States who has found utter content in books, kava, food and a native wife of his own generous proportions and ease-loving proclivities, and who observes the world rolling on without him through the quizzical eyes of a natural philosopher. His peaceful siesta is interrupted by the clamor of a couple of marines, impatient to attack the tobacco shipment just arrived on the "Orduna." From the same schooner come Dr. McPhail, conservative, quiet, a thorough student of human nature, his wife, a pretty, timid creature, and Mrs. Davidson, a religiously withered woman cut in the mid-Victorian style. She wears severe clothing and speaks in hollow dictatorial tones. She is a missionary.

MRS. MCPHAIL: How beautiful it all is! I do hope we'll have time for a walk after lunch—

MRS. DAVIDSON: Oh, yes—but there's nothing to see but a few native huts, the naval station and the Governor's house—(*Points*) That's it, just around the corner.

MRS. MCPHAIL: Oh, is that the Governor's house? Why it's only a bungalow.

MRS. DAVIDSON: As I say, there's nothing to see but when my husband gets here we'll all take a turn about. It can't take him long to transfer our baggage—

MRS. MCPHAIL: I suppose we'll be stationed in Apia several months—what's it like there?

MRS. DAVIDSON: It's a dreadful place—the British own it, you see—the missionaries haven't as much power as they ought to have. The natives do very much as they like and the place is over-run with American prostitutes—

Ameena, Joe Horn's native wife, promises food in due course and the doctor, his wife and the missionary are adjusting themselves to conditions when Sadie Thompson arrives, a wind-blown creature, the victim of her own good humor, fond of life and taking its rebuffs smilingly, a hectic dab of rouge on either cheek and an array of cheap laces, feathers, beads, making obvious advertisement for an obvious clientele. Her speech has a broad Mid-Western twang.

SADIE: So I'm to be parked here, am I, dearie?

BATES: Yes, make yourself right at home, Sadie.

White

MISS THOMPSON

How do you do, Mrs. Horn, how's Joe?

MRS. HORN: 'Allo, Quartermaster—Joe he damn fine.

BATES: How's all the kids? No new ones since my last trip?

MRS. HORN: (*Looking at Sadie*) Mebbe you bring wife back this trip, eh?

BATES: Get that, Sadie—she thinks you're my wife.

SADIE: Why, do I look that weak of intellect? I should marry the little husband of all the world!

BATES: (*Turns to Mrs. Horn*) This is my friend, Miss Sadie Thompson—this is Mrs. Horn—Sadie—(*Turns towards the Marines*) Sadie, meet the U. S. A.

SADIE: That's right, good boys. Join the Navy and see the world. (*Turns towards O'Hara*) Hello, Handsome—when did *you* leave Kansas? (*O'Hara appears embarrassed*).

GRIGGS: Oh man! The lady's got your number, Tim.

SADIE: Don't hurt 'em, Handsome, I come from Kansas once myself—as fast as I could hoof it—how are you?

O'HARA: Fine—very pleased to meet a lady. (*Griggs and Hodgeson howl with laughter*).

SADIE: What's the matter with these two colts? They act as though they had too much oats—bad thing to jump 'em from milk too fast. Young things like that should be put to grass first. I'm a farmer's daughter, so I know.

BATES: Sadie, let me introduce you to two of the ladies who were on board the "Orduna"—(*Starts to lead Sadie towards Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. McPhail who are seated at the dining table.*)

SADIE: (*Grasping Bates by the arm and jerking him back*). Pull yourself together, little one—pull yourself together. (*Looking at Mrs. Davidson*). No, now that I've got my bearings I think I'll go back into the sunshine. Who is coming with me?

Horn evidences curiosity over McPhail and the latter tells him he is a doctor, not a missionary.

HORN: Much better—for this relief, much thanks.

MCPHAIL: You sound prejudiced—

HORN: Prejudiced? Oh, no. Damn fine people—missionaries. Got plenty of good friends among 'em. Some traders are afraid of them but I've always found them all right—my only objection to 'em is—well, they're kinda shy on humor.

MCPHAIL: Persuading your neighbors to believe what you believe is a serious business, friend!

HORN: Certainly got to have a single track mind for it.

MCPHAIL: Just so. There's no place for the light touch in reform.

HORN: Now, that's a word I can't listen to without spitting. It's my belief that these reform folks fighting public depravity are only fighting their own hankering for the very indulgences they suspect in others—

MCPHAIL: Thoughtless of man not to develop a soul without losing the Garden of Eden.

Sadie returns with the marines, having been caught in a sudden downpour of rain. Sadie learns that her schooner for Apia has cholera

Miss Chatterton has often and successfully been associated in productions with Henry Miller, whose direction guided her early and rapid development. She is seen here as she appeared with Mr. Miller and Laura Hope Crews in *The Rainbow* in 1912.

Back to her native New York came Miss Chatterton in October, 1911, after several years of "stocking" in Washington, Milwaukee and Worcester. She made her Broadway debut with Henry Kolker in a comedy called *The Great Name*, adapted from the German.

(*Below*) As Judy Abbott in the great success *Daddy Long Legs* at the Gaiety Theatre in September, 1914.

(*Below*) As Mary Rose in Barrie's unusual play of that name at the Empire Theatre in December, 1920.

(*In Oval*) Ruth at the age of six. (*Above*) The grown-up Ruth Chatterton of today as she appeared in *La Tendresse*, the emotional Parisian drama adapted by herself.

As the Comtesse de Candale in *A Marriage of Convenience* in 1918. *Motif by Lyman Brown*

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGES—No. 5. RUTH CHATTERTON

Ruth Chatterton, is a native of New York, and has the further distinction of having been born on a Christmas Eve. She was educated at Pelham Manor and made her stage debut in 1909, at the Columbia Theatre, Washington, where she played small parts for several months. Later came stock experience in Milwaukee and Worcester, and in October, 1911, eventual debut in her home city in *The Great Name* at the Lyric Theatre. The following year came association with Henry Miller in *The Rainbow*. A keen comedy sense and an unusual intelligence soon projected her into the front ranks. Among her many important parts have been the leads in *The New York Idea, Moonlight and Honeysuckle, Come Out of the Kitchen, Daddy Long Legs,* and *Mary Rose*. Most recently she has been seen with Henry Miller in *La Tendresse,* admirably adapted by herself from the French of Henry Bataille. She is one of America's youngest stars.

aboard and that she must remain in Pago Pago for two weeks.

BATES: They'll keep that job in Apia for you, Sadie, don't fret.
SADIE: I never fret, little one—make the best of things today—they're bound to be worse tomorrow—anyhow, I like the boys here.

It is arranged that Joe Horn will give her the storeroom at fifty cents a day and that she will cook her own food on 'one of these little stoves'. "I don't eat so much," explains Sadie. And "Home with me is where my other pair of shoes are." She is introduced to Dr. McPhail, who greets her kindly.

BATES: If you get sick, Sadie, yell for Dr. McPhail.
SADIE: Get sick! Never in my life. I'm so healthy that it hurts. Well, now that it's settled where I flop, let's all have a shot of hootch—I have some rye with me—that's not long for this world, it's far too good. Say, Handsome, in that purple bundle you'll find an object tied in a red handkerchief. Break it out.

The marines search for liquor in Sadie's bundles and uncover a phonograph. They exclaim with glee and begin to put it together. Sadie discovers her 'shy Kentucky refugee'.

SADIE: Friend of mine slipped me that before I left Honolulu. 'Not that you'll need it, Sadie,' says he, 'you were just born hootched,' and I sure was. Why not? Saves a lot of jack these days.
O'HARA: I'll find a glass for you, Miss Thompson.
SADIE: (*Lifting bottle to Horn's lips and pouring, it down his throat*) What for? Down the hatch?
GRIGGS: (*Starting phonograph*) Yeah boy! Wabash Blues.
SADIE: Put her on. Music and a nip of likka—that's what a rainy day is for, say I. Can you dance, Handsome?
O'HARA: No, Miss Thompson, I have got two left feet—I never could twist my legs right.

White

The Missionary band arrives in the port of Pago Pago. At the right is the Reverend Davidson.

Sadie begins to dance with Bates. Stopping the dance and stepping away from him she exclaims: "Easy there, whoa—don't *bounce,* the words to remember are *glide,* dearie." It isn't the dance that counts—it's the rhythm. Hodgeson throws his hat on the table and rushes out on the floor, grabbing Sadie around the waist and starting a wild dance. From the stairway Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. McPhail enter. She makes several ineffectual attempts to stop them.

SADIE: (*Bending back as Hodgeson leans over her while both shimmy*) Oh, I love that step!

Mrs. Davidson again intervenes and Sadie stops. Her hair has tumbled down and the marines, Bates, Horn are all laughing.

SADIE: 'Nuff said—the complaint's registered—(*Turns to Horn*) We'll withdraw to my private suite, if you have no objection, Mr. Horn.

The marines gather her belongings and precede her into the storeroom. Dr. McPhail arrives with the Reverend Davidson, who has been to see the Governor and learned that they are to be held up two weeks awaiting their schooner. The Reverend Davidson is a tall man, bushy-haired, penetrating eyes and brows continually drawn as though trying to pierce the thoughts of those to whom he is speaking. In everything he says he exhibits his relentlessness to the sinner. He is dressed in loose-fitting black alpaca, a white soft colored shirt and a stringy black bow tie. He begins by suggesting that as they will be there two weeks they should arrange their days for study, exercise, recreation, etc. While he is talking, laughter (Sadie's) bursts from the storeroom. Rev. Davidson is troubled and inquires who she is. His wife explains that she is a common person who had been second class on the 'Orduna'.

DAVIDSON: If she wishes to play her own machine, it's not our right to interfere. *To McPhail*) By the way, Doctor, I can show you a case of advanced elephantiasis, in the hospital tomorrow, if you're interested.
MCPHAIL: Um! A strange disease. Doctors are divided as to its origin.
DAVIDSON: The origin of any disease, Doctor, is over-indulgence. (*Noisy laugh from the men in Sadie's room*). There seem to be others in that room, too!
MRS. DAVIDSON: Yes—she has the ship's quartermaster in there and three or four marines.
MCPHAIL: But all nature, Mr. Davidson, is first indulgence—then elimination—is it not?
DAVIDSON: I have no patience with the Darwinian theory, Doctor. In my opinion, it should be prohibited by law—(*Another loud laugh from Sadie*) This girl, you say, was on the Orduna?
MRS. MCPHAIL: Yes, but Dr. McPhail has met her—he can tell you more than I can.
MCPHAIL: She isn't anybody of any importance—I am interested, Davidson, in your theory of disease.
DAVIDSON: I believe any disease tendency can be brought under control just as any weakness of the moral structure can. (*An uproar from Sadie's room*). Music of this sort is demoralizing, isn't it?
MCPHAIL: (*Ignoring the noise from Sadie's room*) Your theory would be easy, Mr. Davidson, if any of us were, ever could be, certain of ourselves—
MR. DAVIDSON: I disagree with you—why can't we be certain of ourselves?
MCPHAIL: Because in each and everyone of us are hidden blights—erratic formations—undiscovered informities—none of us can ever be sure of ourselves until the moment of ultimate pressure—(*A long blast from steamboat whistle*).

The door to Sadie's storeroom opens and Bates, the cockney quartermaster appears, intoxicated, making affectionate farewells. He departs amid song from the assembled group and the marines turn back into Sadie's room, she following. As she reaches her door she catches Davidson's eye and they stare at each other. Finally, she swaggers on in saying loudly to the marines, "There's a guy out there gave me the *dirtiest* look!" The rain continues to fall heavily, the noise in Sadie's quarters increases.
Davidson grows angrier and suddenly exclaims: "Of course—it has just occurred to me—this woman is out of Iweili—

MRS. MCPHAIL: What do you mean by Iweili?
MRS. DAVIDSON: (*Hoarsely*) The plague spot of Honolulu—the Red Light District.
MCPHAIL: (*Soothingly*) I think you're wrong. She has a position waiting for her in Apia.
DAVIDSON: (*With an air of finality*) I am not wrong—I know the look of Iweili. I went there once—she is as clearly out of Iweili as though the fact were written in scarlet letters on her brow.

As though speaking to a huge audience he begins to describe Iweili, gradually working himself into a frenzy of wrath.

MCPHAIL: (*Philosophically*). All desire is sad.
DAVIDSON: It was a crying scandal of the Pacific, yet it was impossible to avail against it. . . . At last they were forced by public opinion to do something.
MCPHAIL: (*Wearily*). Yes, I read about it in the paper—
DAVIDSON: For once, a new mayor dared to live up to his election platform. Iweili with its sin and shame ceased to exist on the day that we arrived in Honolulu. The whole population was brought before the Justice—and this girl is one who probably managed to escape." He turns and starts for Sadie's door. Despite protest, he flings open the door and goes into the room. There is the sound of a crashing phonograph, the music stops, the words 'scarlet woman' are heard, and Davidson comes hurling out of the room followed by O'Hara who says: "There, if you know what's good for you, get out and stay out."

SADIE: (*Addressing Davidson as he glares menacingly at her from the floor*) Well, who do you think you are? My God.

ACT II. (*Late afternoon—two days later.*) Horn and McPhail are discussing Davidson's action. Horn reveals that Davidson has been after him to turn the girl out.

MCPHAIL: Er—what do you think—er—is she out of Iweili—that Honolulu Red Light District?
HORN: (*With a burst of spirit*). I don't know and I don't care. What if she is—we've all crossed thresholds we don't brag about. Just because she has a few gaudy rags and a bum

Goldberg

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Whose excellent performance as the acrid mother of *Hospitality* was easily one of the outstanding achievements of the current season and by itself justified the production of this play by the Equity players. Miss Hale will be remembered for her splendid work as Mrs. Bett in *Miss Lulu Bett*.

JULIETTE CROSBY

The beautiful young Washingtonian who, though comparatively new to the stage, has quite won Broadway—last year as the bride of *The Nest*, and recently as Helen Brander in *The Love Child*—with work that has the mark of exceptional distinction and intelligence. Her father is Oscar T. Crosby, the noted financial authority.

Goldberg

MARGALO GILLMORE

The captivating Consuelo of *He Who Gets Slapped* abandoned her bareback rider's costume for the delicate fantasies of Milne's *The Romantic Age*. Though briefly lived, the play contributed one more star to Miss Gillmore's cluster and further established her as one of the outstanding young actresses of today.

Muray

HITS OF THE MONTH

Three Actresses Who Have Scored Notable Personal Successes in Recent Productions

phonograph and is a little too live and let live, what right has he to conclude that she's out of Iweili? The whole trick in thinking is—what sort of vision you have. If you have a low horizon, God pity you. Davidson has that. This girl hasn't any. That's why I like her. Poor thing—Davidson has sort of got her wondering.

Horn says that Davidson has been to the governor to see about having Sadie sent back to the States. Her phonograph begins, plays through part of a number, stops and Sadie appears in the door, dressed in a short red frock and carrying a cheap purse. She greets Horn and McPhail and starts toward the store to buy some food for her supper. Evidently lonesome and trying to find an excuse for conversation:

SADIE: I'm in no great hurry, there's lots of time. God! There's so much time lying loose around here, someone ought to bottle it up and send it where they need it. You don't mind, do you, seeing we're alone, if I sit down with you boys and have a little chat, about Greenland's Icy Mountains.

She gets a chair for herself. McPhail has started to bring one for her but seeing she has helped herself, re-seats himself. Sadie takes cigarettes and matches from her bag and begins to smoke. She asks for the marine sergeant whom she calls "Handsome," and slowly brings the conversation around to Davidson and his trip to the Governor, about which she has heard. She indicates that Davidson has reported O'Hara to his officers for drinking. She is nervous and troubled and finally goes into the store for a can of tomales.

Davidson arrives, with his umbrella, and seating himself begins to talk with McPhail. His subject is the natives whom he has saved.

DAVIDSON: You see, they were so naturally depraved, we had to teach them what sin is. We had to make sins out of what they thought were only natural actions—

He indicates that his final weapon was to make it impossible for the men to sell their copra. He boasts: "It meant something very like starvation." He relates the tale of his persecution of a Danish trader, and with gusto and relish describes how he brought the man, who defied him, to premature old age and financial ruin. Sadie's phonograph starts again and his attention is turned on her. He asks the company to step out so that he might talk to her alone and calls Mrs. Horn, who brings Sadie forth.

DAVIDSON: Sadie Thompson, I have brought you out here to offer you a gift.

SADIE: What's the idea?

Sadie indicates she can look after herself and starts back to her supper. Davidson stops her and his kindness moves the girl to apologize for her rudeness on the day of their arrival in Pago Pago. Davidson questions her about Honolulu resuming his tone of determined righteousness.

SADIE: What are you driving at, what have I got to atone for?

DAVIDSON: Your life.

SADIE: My life, what's the matter with my life?

DAVIDSON: Everything—but when you come to know our Lord's great mercy, it will all be forgiven—Sadie Thompson, the gift is here—your chance has come—take it.

SADIE: (*Wearily*). Why do you worry about me?

When she does not respond to this treatment, Davidson's tone grows ominous. He charges her with escape from Iweili. Sadie denies it. His mood becomes fanatically religious and Sadie grows more and more defiant. He tells her he will not let her go to Apia, but will have her sent back to San Francisco.

SADIE: Let go of me— (*Breaks from Davidson's clutch and steps back*). Hah, you make me laugh—you mealy mouthed hymn hound. (*Spits in Davidson's face*). That's what I think of your bunk!

DAVIDSON: (*Stands and glares at Sadie*). You are doomed, Sadie Thompson. (*He leaves the veranda as O'Hara arrives*).

O'Hara soothes Sadie and suggests that she go to Sydney, where he will join her shortly

White

The Marine Sergeant takes Sadie Thompson's part when the Rev. Davidson presumes to meddle

when his enlistment period is over. He tells her of his friend, Biff, and his wife and about how happy they are. Sadie does not want to return to 'Frisco for reasons of her own. She says to O'Hara:

SADIE: This side of the equator the Reverend's in right and I'm in wrong. Gosh! There's something about that crow that isn't human—he's deep—he's creepy—huh! I'm going to need friends soon, Handsome, I'm far from home.

O'HARA: Just keep your chin up—it'll all be O. K.

A letter arrives from the Governor informing her that she will be deported on the first boat to San Francisco. Sadie is frantic and when Davidson arrives, hurls epithets at him and with O'Hara goes, herself, to see the Governor. Davidson retires to pray. Sadie returns with O'Hara and asks to see Dr. McPhail. She tells him Davidson has intimidated the Governor but that the latter will let her stay for the Sydney boat if Davidson agrees. She begs Dr. McPhail to offer her apologies to Davidson and get permission for her to wait for the Sydney boat. McPhail talks to Davidson. Nothing but heated words come of it. McPhail goes to see the Governor himself. Supper is served, Sadie waits despondently for McPhail to return and when he does, and indicates his failure, she conquers her aversion and again opens the subject with Davidson. The party rise from the table and leave her alone with him. Davidson cross-examines her and learns also that an unserved prison term awaits her in the States. Though she protests that she was "framed" he insists that she must return, if she wants to go straight, and atone to God by serving her sentence.

SADIE: The way you figure out God, he's nothing but a cop!

She hurls an hysterical tirade at him and rushes madly to her room, slamming the door as the curtain falls.

Act III. Four days later. Sadie has been gradually weakening under Davidson's attacks of religious fervour until she is unable to leave her bed. He has persuaded her to accept the idea of returning to San Francisco. During the action immediately following, Davidson, McPhail, and their wives, are attending a native dance, from which come the echo of drums and tom-toms. Sadie calls pathetically from her room for "Reverend Davidson." Horn and his wife quiet her. O'Hara comes asking for Sadie, whom he plans to put onto a junk which will take her to the Samarkind Islands, to await the Sydney boat. Horn and his wife disappear. Sadie emerges, wan and delirious. She refuses to go with O'Hara unless Reverend Davidson says she may.

SADIE: No—no—that isn't it at all. It would be awful hard for me to make you understand what's come over me. I can't understand it myself.

O'Hara insists that she is not herself and while he pleads with her to leave on the junk, Davidson re-enters. An argument ensues and O'Hara, baffled by Sadie's submission, finally leaves her.

DAVIDSON: Sadie—in the last few days you have become very close and dear to God—he has tested you and found you true— Tonight he sent the Devil to tempt you. Once your soul lay like a stagnant pool in the deepest pit of the deepest valley—tonight it is cleansed—glorified.

Sadie, still frightened and unable to sleep, asks if he will pray with her in the night. He promises, then goes out for a walk. The party retire, Horn and McPhail being the last to go. McPhail speaks of Davidson's recent dreams of the mountains of Nebraska.

HORN: Mountains! Molehills, you mean.

MCPHAIL: Call them what you like. They rose from the plain abruptly, remember? Rounded, smooth—

HORN: Yep—what of it?

MCPHAIL: Didn't it strike you that they were curiously like a woman's breasts?

They retire. There is silence for some time, then Sadie emerges from her room, candle in hand. She calls "Reverend Davidson" up the staircase and when he does not respond, sits in

(*Continued on Page* 52)

KITTY FLYNN

(*Right*) Plucked from the chorus by J. J. Shubert, who saw in this bewitching Irish girl the makings of a light opera prima donna, Miss Flynn settled herself comfortably in the rôle of Irene in *Sally, Irene and Mary*, preparatory to spending the winter on Broadway.

Edwin Bower Hesser

MARY EATON

(*Below*) The charming *première danseuse* of the *Ziegfeld Follies* of 1921 and 1922, whose singing in a pastoral scene has inspired Florenz Ziegfeld to prepare to star her next season. Lately, she assumed for a short time the title rôle in *Sally*.

Edwin Bower Hesser

Edward Thayer Monroe

Edward Thayer Monroe

DIANA GORDON

(*Above*) Eve in George White's *Scandals of 1922*, Miss Gordon is a progressive actress who did not regard her beginnings in the *Follies* the ultimate in triumphs, but ventured forth in new circles and is now about to follow the movie slogan—"Go West, Young Woman."

EDEN GRAY

(*Left*) A spirited patrician who fled the paternal roof and name in Chicago to lend her slim elegance first to Belasco's *Deburau* and now to the musical show *Orange Blossoms*, where she plays Yolande du Pont, one of the eight diverse and interesting types.

TOUJOURS! THE CHORUS LADY!

Unusual Beauties of a Type Perennially Popular in the Show World of the Metropolis

THE SCREEN

CLAYTON HAMILTON'S PAGE OF MOTION-PICTURE COMMENT AND REVIEW

OLD actors are still accustomed, without self-consciousness, to refer to their calling as "the profession"; whereas the multitudes engaged in the newer craft of making motion pictures always refer to their occupation, quite unconsciously, as "the industry." A real significance may be discerned in the general acceptance of these contrasted terms. The drama existed as an art before it became commercialized; or, to state the case concretely, Sophocles and Euripides were busy in the theatre—not to mention such neophytes as Shakespeare and Molière—before modern commerce had developed such magnates as Mr. Erlanger or the Messrs. Shubert. But, on the other hand, the motion-picture began as a business; it was commercialized at the very outset; and only in recent years has it attempted to struggle upward to the status of an art.

It is an astonishing fact that the captains and the kings of the motion-picture industry have had little or nothing to do with the extraordinary advances that have been made, within the brief span of a dozen years, both in the science and also in the art of making motion-pictures. The industry is still controlled by about a dozen men who blundered into it in those early days when nobody, not even themselves, had any expectation of its enormous destiny. The scientists who had invented the kinetoscope had presented to the world a new wonder for the mob to gape upon, by demonstrating the possibility of casting on a screen a picture which actually moved. This new wonder was welcomed as an adjunct to the dime museum, and as a five minute exhibition that might be tucked into a vaudeville bill when the proper moment came to "dump the house." It was too small a thing to interest the big, successful showmen of the time; but it was taken up, as a side line, by an adventurous little group of tradesmen who had had no previous experience in the show business. Then somebody or other—was it, I wonder, Mr. Cecil B. DeMille?—conceived the idea that it might be possible to tell a story on the screen by stringing together a series of motion-pictures in some sort of narrative continuity; and, two or three years thereafter, the Potashs and the Perlmutters who had blindly blundered into "pitchers" awoke to the discovery that they were multi-millionaires and that they had a world-engirdling "industry" within their hands.

A MOTION-PICTURE TRUST

WHAT were they to do with it? By a hasty study of the theatre business, they learned that the surest way of making the world safe for any industry was to acquire a monopoly of all the real estate upon which that industry could profitably be conducted. They did not care so much who made the pictures for the nation, so long as they might control strategically the avenues of distribution. The prime point was to build, or to buy, or otherwise to gobble up, the "key-theatres" in every region and to gather into the fold as many other theatres as could profitably be digested. Then it wouldn't matter very much whether the pictures which they made were good or bad: the standard product could and would be shown, in any case: and the public would have to see these pictures *faute de mieux*. And on the other hand, if any outsider should happen to make a picture that might possibly disturb the conservative complacence of "the industry," no harm could possibly result from this audacity, since the impudent innovation need never be exhibited in the thousands and thousands of theatres controlled by the captains and the kings.

QUALITY OF PRODUCT SUFFERS

WHEN captains of industry are required to control the distribution of manufactured products to a chain of not less than twelve thousand theatres, it stands to reason that they have comparatively little leisure for the consideration of possible improvements in the nature and the quality of the products that are thus distributed. In seasons when business is good, their natural tendency is to let well enough alone; and, whenever a certain picture makes a lot of money, they are likely to order a dozen other pictures that shall resemble it as closely as possible. Their tendency to play safe makes them ultra-conservative; they are usually afraid of innovations and distrustful of improvements.

Yet, despite this stultifying indifference in the attitude of the high command, motion-pictures have become better and better, year by year, both scientifically and artistically, by virtue of the uncelebrated and comparatively unrewarded efforts of the vast army of the subsidiary workers in the industry—the silent army of the silent drama. A true scientist cannot cease to be a scientist, even in a motion picture laboratory; and a true artist will not cease to be an artist, even though his employers cannot appreciate, or even understand, the ideals that he is toiling for or the discouragements that he is toiling against. Hundreds of men and women in the silent army of the silent drama seem to have made a compact with their own souls to do their tasks a little better than these tasks have ever been done before; and, by virtue of this impetus from the ranks, the captains and the kings are now distributing better pictures than they foisted on the public a few years ago.

Consider, for example, how much finer is the camera work today than the camera work of ten years, or even five years, back. Yet the captains and the kings have had little or nothing to do with this improvement. It has been effected by the camera men themselves—the most silent company of the silent army of the silent drama. Most of the good camera men in the industry are less than twenty-five years old; all of the best are under thirty-five; their salaries average less than one hundred dollars a week; and the millions and millions of spectators who enjoy the results of their endeavors have never heard their names. Yet these comparatively unrewarded scientists and artists have so renovated, in a single decade, the craft of making motion pictures that they have rendered the previous productions of the industry almost ludicrously obsolete.

It has been evident for several seasons that the scientific problem of taking motion-pictures in natural colors would soon be satisfactorily solved, and that a newer and more momentous miracle would supplant the bygone wonder of pictures that merely moved. Confronting this condition, it might have been expected that each of the big motion-picture factories would have set aside a sinking fund of half a million dollars to be expended in its laboratories for experiments to further the swift perfection of a new achievement that already had been clearly prophesied. But, as a matter of fact, none of the leading companies was at all interested in the nurturing of color photography. Why should they bother about an invention which might revolutionize the industry? Their time was already amply occupied in distributing the same sort of colorless pictures that the public had always patronized in the past.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY'S FUTURE

BUT, despite the steadfast indifference of the leaders of the industry, the problem of color photography has at last been solved, both scientifically and artistically. And, now that this invention has been made, the next question naturally is—what is the industry going to do with it? One would logically think that conferences would be called forthwith in all of the big studios, to discuss such topics as the following:—Shall all pictures, in the future, be photographed in color, or only some of them? Shall color photography, henceforth, be confined to the rendition of costume pictures, or romantic stories; and

(*Continued on page* 68)

MAE MURRAY

In a ravishing costume designed and worn by herself as the Queen in a picture by Edmund Goulding called *Jassmania*.

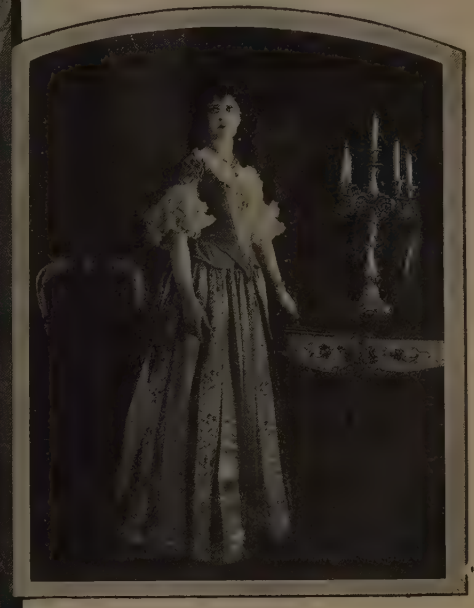
VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE

An attractive young actress who is to have an exceptional opportunity to display her talents when she is seen as Shireen in the production of *Omar, the Tentmaker*.

John Ellis

GUY BATES POST

Now to be seen on the screen in his colorful characterization as *Omar the Tentmaker*, a Richard Watson Tully production. The picture bears The First National seal.



CONRAD VEIDT

A German actor as Admiral Nelson directing the Battle of Trafalgar in *Lady Hamilton*, a romantic drama taken in England and Italy for Sterling Pictures.

LIANE HAID

A Viennese actress of marked beauty who plays the title rôle in *Lady Hamilton*, the stirring historical romance taken abroad under the direction of Richard Oswald.

RICHARD DIX

As John Storm in the coming screen version of Hall Caine's famous story, *The Christian*.

THE NEW PICTURES

Figures That Are Prominent in the Coming Films

M · U · S · I · C

The Operatic and Concert Season Attains Full Swing and High Form

Conducted by KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

(We are pleased to announce that Katharine Lane Spaeth, music critic of the EVENING MAIL *has consented to assume charge of this department until Mr. Robert Nathan is able to take charge.—The Editors.)*

NOW we have a soprano who can sing Aida and look like an Ethiopian slave-girl with whom Rhadames would fall in love, and for whom he would commit treason. She is Elizabeth Rethberg from Dresden, with a voice of liquid glory; she phrases with the shimmer of satin in her tones, and she can act.

We often wondered about the life of a trumpet player in *Aida,* for the march in the big scene before Thebes. Perhaps a man does just that for his job. When somebody asks his wife, "What does your husband do?" she says, "Why he is an *Aida* trumpeter. He goes about wherever they give the opera, and trumpets."

Then, Florence Easton sang *Madama Butterfly* amid new Urban settings. We missed the old bridge in the first act, and Nagasaki was not quite itself. Josef did a dash of LutherBurbanking when he let chrysanthemums bloom in Cio-Cio-San's garden, along with the cherry blossoms.

But Easton is superb in the rôle. She is timid and shy and wistful and exactly ingenuous enough in the first act; and she is extremely deft in suggesting not only the maturity of her passion for the absent Pinkerton, but the depth of character that swept her on to tragedy.

A WELL BRED CARMEN

IN *Carmen,* I think Easton was a bit too refined. She did make Carmen real and likable. You forgot that the gypsy was actually a hussy. She seemed more like a nice girl, who was simply self-centered and thoughtless. Of course, Florence Easton has a fresh, crystal voice of varied allurements, and she sang Carmen and Butterfly with almost flawless tones.

There was naturally a good deal of excitement about Maria Jeritza as Thais. So many lovely ladies of the opera yearn to be lithe as the Alexandrian courtesan, according to Anatole France and Jules Massenet; but few of them are convincing. Mary Garden wriggled through the part, and swooped upon the music. Farrar wore grotesque head-dresses and had a real gold wig, but she never succeeded in being seductive.

Maria Jeritza, however, sang the score admirably, while she made her unique personality work its wanton wiles. She can make a courtesan more appealing than anyone else, and her lissome grace made one a little breathless.

Reviving *Romeo and Juliet* brought the misty gardens and balconies and palaces of Verona back to the Metropolitan, through Urban's crafty touch. Lucrezia Bori looked fully fifteen years old as Juliet, wearing her pearl cap and simple, though costly, gowns with delicious *naiveté.* Her voice is capable in the coloratura passages of Gounod's florid score, but when you watch Bori, you scarcely care how she sings.

Beniamino Gigli has a voice of such purity that nobody minds his making Romeo a trifle constrained even during the famous lark and nightingale controversy. Commenting upon the age of Juliet's father at the time of her birth, Deems Taylor said, "Those were the gland old days!"

It would be a splendid exit line, only I want to write about the pianists, which brings me to Ignace Paderewski at once.

Muray

ELENA GERHARDT

The great German lieder singer, foremost living exponent of the tender melodies of Schumann and Shubert, who is engaged on an American concert tour.

When a grave-faced man in a neat frock-coat walked slowly out upon the stage of Carnegie Hall one afternoon in late November, the audience needed no signal to rise. People just stood as if someone had shouted, "One, two, three—altogether now, UP!" They cheered until Paderewski, weary of bowing, pulled forth the red-tasselled chair and struck a few crashing definite chords upon the piano.

He was ready to begin, and the great crowd was more ready to hear him, after an absence of over five years. Most people knew what he had been doing in politics, but the rumors that Poland's turmoil had left him little time to practice were disturbing.

And yet, he is the same Paderewski who has always startled his hearers, and given them new images. Sometimes he startled them into disagreeing with his interpretations of their favorite composers' works. But he is perpetually stimulating.

HOW PADEREWSKI LOOKS

HE looks like a tired man. His fine, ascetic face has lines of sadness, of sober reflection. The bushy hair that used to be called "the chrysanthemum top" is somewhat chastened. That is not because the gold is dulled by a mixture of grey, but he no longer lets his fluffy locks float about his face, to be shaken back in moments of abandon.

That he has managed to keep his technique is amazing. He once said, "If I do not practice for one day, I know it. After two days, the critics know it, and after three days the public knows it."

There have been many days in the past five years when Paderewski had no heart for the black and white keys, no desire to set his eloquent feet upon pedals, when there was so much tramping about to be done for his country.

But the magic is there. Sometimes he pounded. Sometimes he smashed his chords into blurred masses of incoherent sounds. And then, just as swiftly, a light, lacy passage rippled from his fleet fingers, cleanly played and exquisitely like the carolling of a human throat.

Paderewski plays as he thinks. You might want the Chopin C-major Scherzo played as your old piano teacher urged, or as Godowsky plays it, or Rachmaninoff interprets. But Paderewski has his ideas; he has fire and spirit and purpose to support his flexible hands. And his message is universal.

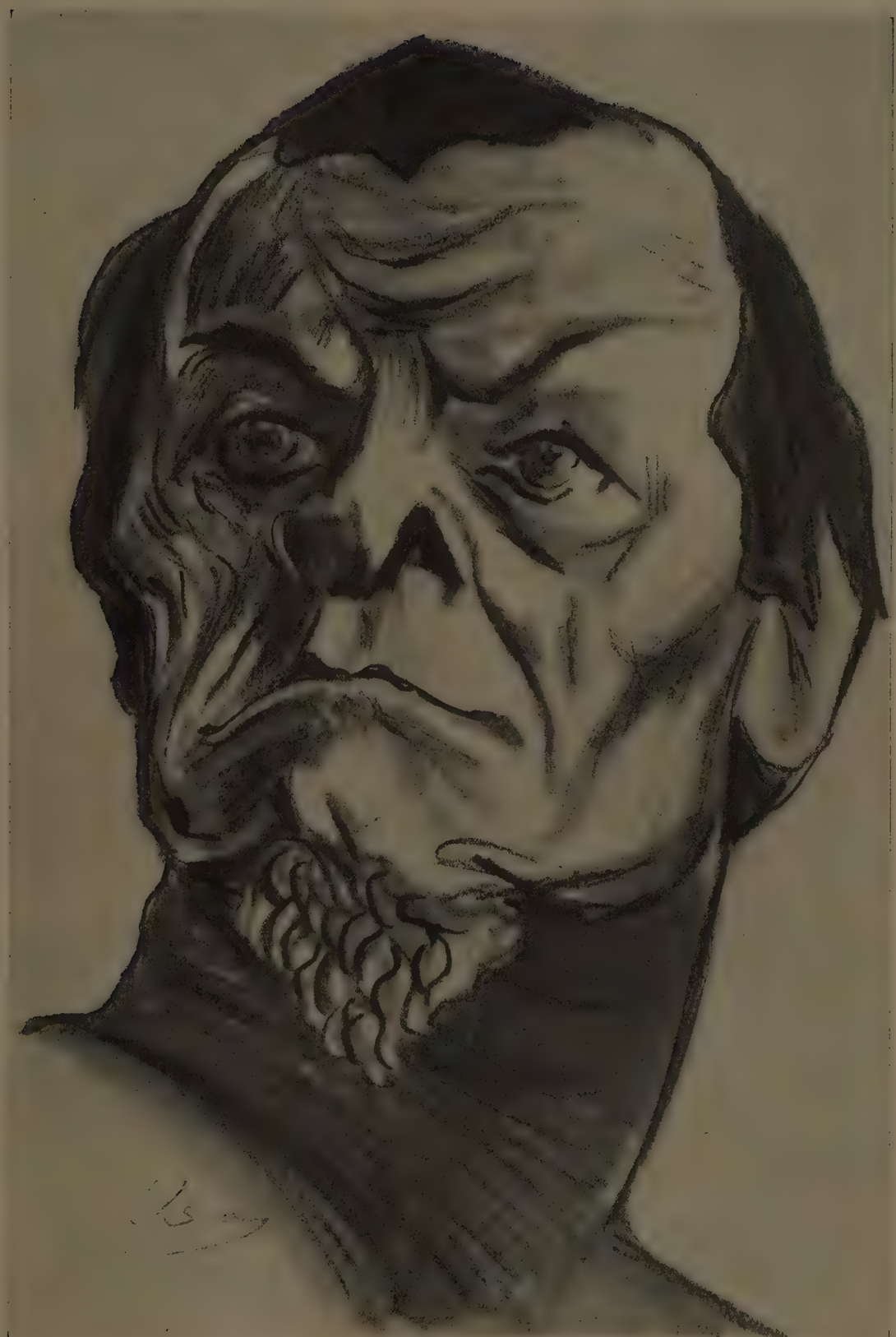
When he played the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto with the New York Symphony, he calmly broke the rules about encores and added three Chopin numbers. Nobody wanted to go home at 6 P. M. and nobody did, until Ignace vanished and the lights were put out, as a pointed hint.

OTHER PIANO KINGS

BUT there has been no lack of good piano playing this season. Josef Hofman has the same perfection. Perhaps he was almost too aloof at his first recital in November. His air of detachment removed that subtle emotional contract which any artist should form with his audience. He never strikes a wrong note, apparently. So far, "blur" is a word that cannot figure in reviews of his performances. But maybe if he did become really excited, putting eager expression into phrases, it would be more interesting.

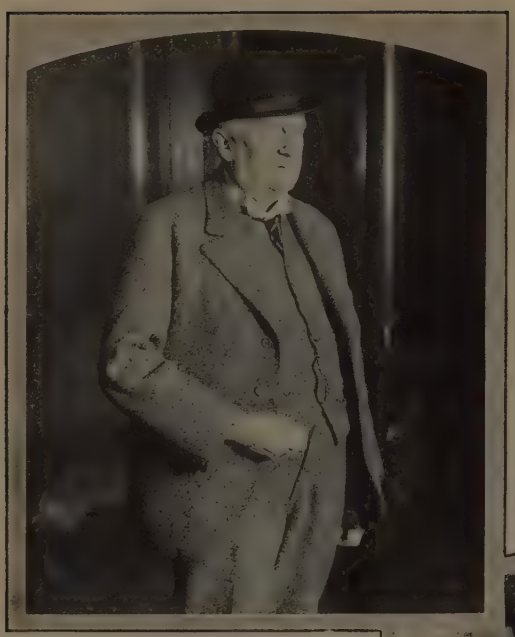
Rachmaninoff bewitched his audience on

(*Continued on page* 54)



CHALIAPIN AS MEFISTOFELE

An Unusual Pencil Portrait Executed by the Noted Russian Caricaturist Usa Gombarg



Keystone

LORD LYVEDEN

A member of the British Parliament, who has come to America to play the title rôle in *Old Bill, M. P.*, imported by Sam Harris, a part which he created in London.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

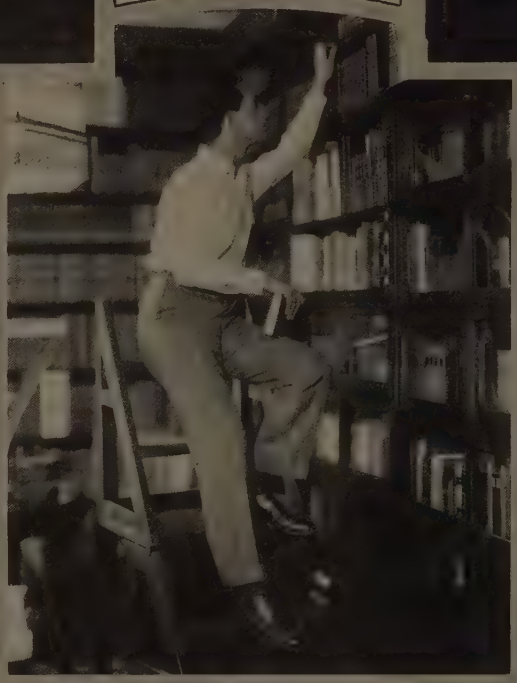
(*Below*) The new Peer Gynt, but lately Liliom, in his library, which contains a fine Ibsen collection, a page of the first King James Bible and a large group of rare foreign and English tomes.

Sherril Schell

Underwood & Underwood

MAURICE ROSTAND

Author of *La Gloire*, Sarah Bernhardt's present vehicle, this is the poet-novelist-playwright son of Edmond Rostand, the celebrated author of *Cyrano* and *Chantecler*.



MR. AND MRS. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

On the boardwalk at Atlantic City where they were recently for the tryout of *Rose Briar*, which is to be the season's medium of the fair Billie Burke (Mrs. Ziegfeld).

MR. AND MRS. BOOTH TARKINGTON

The author of *Rose Briar* came with his wife to Atlantic City to inspect an experimental showing of his play, which is scheduled for February, and immediately returned to seclusion.

Underwood & Underwood

Underwood & Underwood

UNUSUAL SLANTS ON FAMILIAR SUBJECTS

Important Contributors to the Season's Stage Caught in Moments Untheatrical

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

THE night I saw *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* it seemed I met enough authors in the audience for any six characters to have made a selection: EDWARD KNOBLOCK, who told me he had made arrangements that very day for one of his plays to be produced in about three months; EDGAR SELWYN, who said it was the most enjoyable evening he had spent in a long time, and SAMUEL SHIPMAN, who was occupying a box.

The abrupt closing of *East of Suez,* when that play was attracting far from poor business, is said to have been caused by a run-in between FLORENCE REED and her producer, Mr. WOODS. Miss Reed now goes back to Mr. DILLINGHAM, who has commissioned EUGENE WALTER to write a play for her. It will be based on a de Maupassant story.

AN UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECT

UP The Ladder, with DORIS KENYON, has a scene wherein she tells her younger brother and sister to be quiet, as the youngest in the family lies critically ill in the next room. On its première in Providence at this point, the whole setting caved in with much noise, and to the great amusement of the audience. This recalls an anecdote of the great tragedian Edmund Kean. When appearing at a tavern in a song and dance, the proprietor stopped the actor saying: "My wife lies dead above." But recognizing the merit of the performer, he added quickly, "Well, go ahead. She's dead and can't hear it any way."

TOM HOWARD, chief cut-up of the burlesques at the Park Theatre, will be promoted to GEORGE WHITE'S *Scandals* next year. BOBBY CLARK came out of burlesque this season to be the star performer at the Music Box.

The Bird of Paradise is dead. Long live the *Bird!* Which it undoubtedly will do, for stock managers have been positively greedy about securing this popular piece for their theatres. After touring for countless seasons, it closed last October for the first time since its premiere. Many prominent stage luminaries gained fame through the rôle of Luana. Some I recall are: LAURETTE TAYLOR, LENORE ULRIC, BESSIE BARRISCALE, CARLOTTA MONTEREY, and MAY BUCKLEY. ANN READER was the last.

PREACHING BUT NOT PRACTICING

I MET LAURETTE TAYLOR as she was returning from making a kinemacolor test over in New Jersey. She was in the throes of casting FANNY HURST'S *Humoresque.* "I feel so foolish, telling the various Jewish actors I have interviewed for parts, that they are not the type, while I am so extremely the opposite type to my own rôle."

None other than ETHEL JACKSON is playing a minor rôle in *The Masked Woman* these days. And Miss Jackson was The Merry Widow!

I noticed in the audience at the Theatre Guild's special performance of *The Lucky One*: GRACE GEORGE, MARIE DORO, FANIA MARINOFF, EDNA MAY OLIVER, ARTHUR RICHMAN, ESTHER HOWARD, PHILIP BARTHOLOMAE, GRANT MILLS, LOUIS CALVERT, MRS. HENRY B. HARRIS, WANDA LYON, WILLIAM A. BRADY, JR., JOHN CROMWELL, OLIVER BAILEY, BLANCHE YURKA KEITH and IAN KEITH, MARGARET WYCHERLY, BASIL SIDNEY, FRANK REICHER, ELEANOR WOODRUFF, FLORENCE ELDRIDGE, LESLIE HOWARD, JOHN RUTHERFORD, ROSALIND FULLER, TALLULAH BANKHEAD, and JULIETTE CROSBY.

Following the trend of the times, GEORGE C. TYLER says that he will present HELEN HAYES as Lady Macbeth next season! I met the humorous Tyler doing a marathon along Riverside Drive recently. The manager makes a practice of walking fifteen miles a day. He says it's the only way he can keep in condition to cope with the numerous play manuscripts he has to read.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

WHEN GILBERT MILLER put *The Texas Nightingale* with JOBYNA HOWLAND at the Empire, it was intended as a stop-gap only in anticipation of the new Booth Tarkington play, *Rose Briar,* with BILLIE BURKE. After receiving favorable notices and attracting good business, ZOE AKINS was curious as to the merit of the succeeding play. Journeying to Baltimore for the purpose, and witnessing a performance of *Rose Briar,* she wired rather curtly to Mr. Miller: "Who suggested side-tracking my Nightingale for a Rose"? However, Mr. Miller had his way, for the *Nightingale* has since closed, due to the manager's disapproval of the cast chosen (by right of contract) by Miss Akins.

MRS. HENRY B. HARRIS recently signed a contract with BAYARD VEILLER, for the continued production of *The Divine Crook,* which had started business under the proprietorship of AL. WOODS, with FLORENCE REED and EDMOND LOWE as principals. After ALMA TELL and ORME CALDARA had been scheduled to take up the broken threads, Mrs. Harris received notice from Mr. Woods that he still owned the sole rights to the play, and it was not open for a second edition by another publisher.

There are five prominent female advance agents—a most onerous job for a woman, for it requires constant hard work, rough travel, an alert brain, and one who is a good mixer. The quintette are: HELEN HOERLE, MAY DOWLING, MABEL RYAN, THODA COCROFT, and BEULAH FLETCHER.

VERSATILE ACTRESS-DIRECTORS

GRACE GEORGE and LAURA HOPE CREWS are the latest additions to the ranks of directresses. Miss George not only directed, but adapted her present piece, *To Love,* while Miss Crews directed EUGENE O'BRIEN in the play which marks his return to the footlights.

The new "flu" seasons recalls the days when a failure entitled *Someone in the House* was produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York—on the eve of the influenza epidemic of four or five years ago. In the closing days of that engagement the management was all but prevailed upon to carry this announcement in the newspaper advertisements of the play:

AVOID CROWDS!
SEE "SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE" AT THE
KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

The way of the theatre is traditionally uncertain, but a casual glance back over the first half of the season reveals an unusual number of upsets and surprises. Take, for example, a segment of the theatrical prospect as it looked around Labor Day. At that time New York was getting ready to receive three productions that seemed certain to figure among the huge hits of the year. These were *La Tendresse, It's a Boy* and *The Exciters*. The first of these had been played on the Pacific Coast to receipts of $20,000 a week, and so discriminating an observer as CHANNING POLLOCK declared that it was one of the finest plays he had ever seen. Furthermore, it had the great popular advantage of HENRY MILLER and RUTH CHATTERTON as its stars. As for *It's a Boy,* the wise men of Broadway, including not a few of the ticket brokers, had journeyed to Atlantic City and pronounced it sure-fire—certainly as amusing a comedy as the same author's *Six-Cylinder Love,* or so they reported. And so with *The Exciters*—Atlantic City had gone literally wild over it, and great things were predicted.

And it was here that the god of the theatre stepped calmly in and remarked casually: "Is that so?" *La Tendresse, It's a Boy* and *The Exciters* are gone from Broadway this long time—one of them is on tour, but the other two have ceased forever. On the other hand, here is the play called *Rain,* probably the biggest of the season's dramatic successes. In September nobody even knew that it was on the way. Too, no one expected *The Fool* to create much of a splash, and certainly there was no expectation that a dramatization of *Merton of the Movies* would turn out particularly well. And yet these are the plays that are helping the ticket brokers to pay for next year's Rolls Royces. Probably there is a lesson in this for the producers, but it is more likely that there isn't. It just happened, and apparently it always will.

A good deal has been printed about MICHAEL GOLDREYER since that astute young gentleman rang the bell with *The Last Warning,* but the harshest thing of all was said a few days ago. The next Goldreyer production, according to this item will be a seven-act tragedy in blank verse. Knowing Mike as we do, we'll hazard a modest 17 to 3 that it won't.

UPLIFT OF A MELODRAMA PURVEYOR

THE reformation of OWEN DAVIS is a rather astonishing sign of the times. Mr. Davis, as everybody but the very youngest will remember, was the arch-writer of the ten-twenty-thirty stuff back in the days when bushels of it were being written. When the market slumped, Mr. Davis turned his hand to the so-called two dollar theatre (really the two-fifty and the three and the four-dollar theatre), but he found it hard to get away from the manner of his early days. Then, something over a year ago, he suddenly astounded one and all with a play called *The Detour*—a straightforward piece of writing that did not contain more than a trace of the old Owen Davis. The play was a failure, but the spell had been broken. Now comes *Ice-Bound,* which probably will have seen production by the time these lines are read. Those who have seen the manuscript say that much of it is equal to O'NEILL'S best, and that it has the added advantage of being extremely likely to succeed.

THE PLAYS THAT GET THE MONEY

THE other day two well-known theatrical managers were talking about road conditions, and the deplorable business encountered in the hinterland by most attractions that venture forth. There was a time, of course, when New York runs were prolonged, even at a loss, with the easy assurance that a lengthy engagement on Broadway meant certain profits on tour. But the road speedily tumbled to that deception, and today a New York run of a season means just about nothing at all when a play takes to the provinces. The two managers, discussing the why and wherefore of it all, agreed that there is just so much money to be spent on theatres in the smaller cities, and that a handful of attractions are getting it all. The lucky ones are *Sally, The Ziegfeld Follies, The Greenwich Village Follies, George White's Scandals, The Music Box Revue, Lightnin', The First Year,* and perhaps one or two more. These are the productions that have had the national advertising, and the average play—even though it be a pretty good play—has no chance at all. *Sally,* for example, played to $46,000 at the Nixon Theatre in Pittsburgh during Thanksgiving Week. Everybody waited for *Sally,* thereby killing the business of the attractions immediately preceding. And after *Sally,* of course, everybody was broke, thereby making it difficult again.

Some idea of the trade done by Mr. ZIEGFELD'S attractions may be gleaned by certain figures on the books of the New Amsterdam Theatre. In twenty-three months of *Sally* and the *Follies,* the New Amsterdam showed a profit of $380,000. This amount, of course, is only the theatre's profit—what Mr. Ziegfeld made on his shows was considerably greater.

A well-known actress, skilled in the ways of managers, recently drove a shrewd bargain that she afterward regretted. Asked to play a rôle in a certain play, the actress quoted her salary at $500.

"But I can't afford that," said the producer. "This is a play with rather limited appeal. I will pay you $300 for the first two weeks, and $350 thereafter, if the play continues."

"Oh, no!" was the answer. "Pay me $350 for the first two weeks, and $300 if the play continues."

So it was arranged—and it would be a good story if the play hadn't turned out to be a success.

It will be interesting to see what kind of play the son of CHARLES T. DAZEY has helped to write. Mr. Dazey, it need hardly be said, wrote *In Old Kentucky;* his son, Frank, has now written a play for FRANK KEENAN, in collaboration with LEIGHTON OSMUN. It is a serious piece called *Peter Weston,* and the San Francisco reviewers, who have been wrong before, have recently been heaping it with praise. Mr. Keenan has promised to bring the play to New York before the season is over.

A PIECE THAT WAS SIDETRACKED

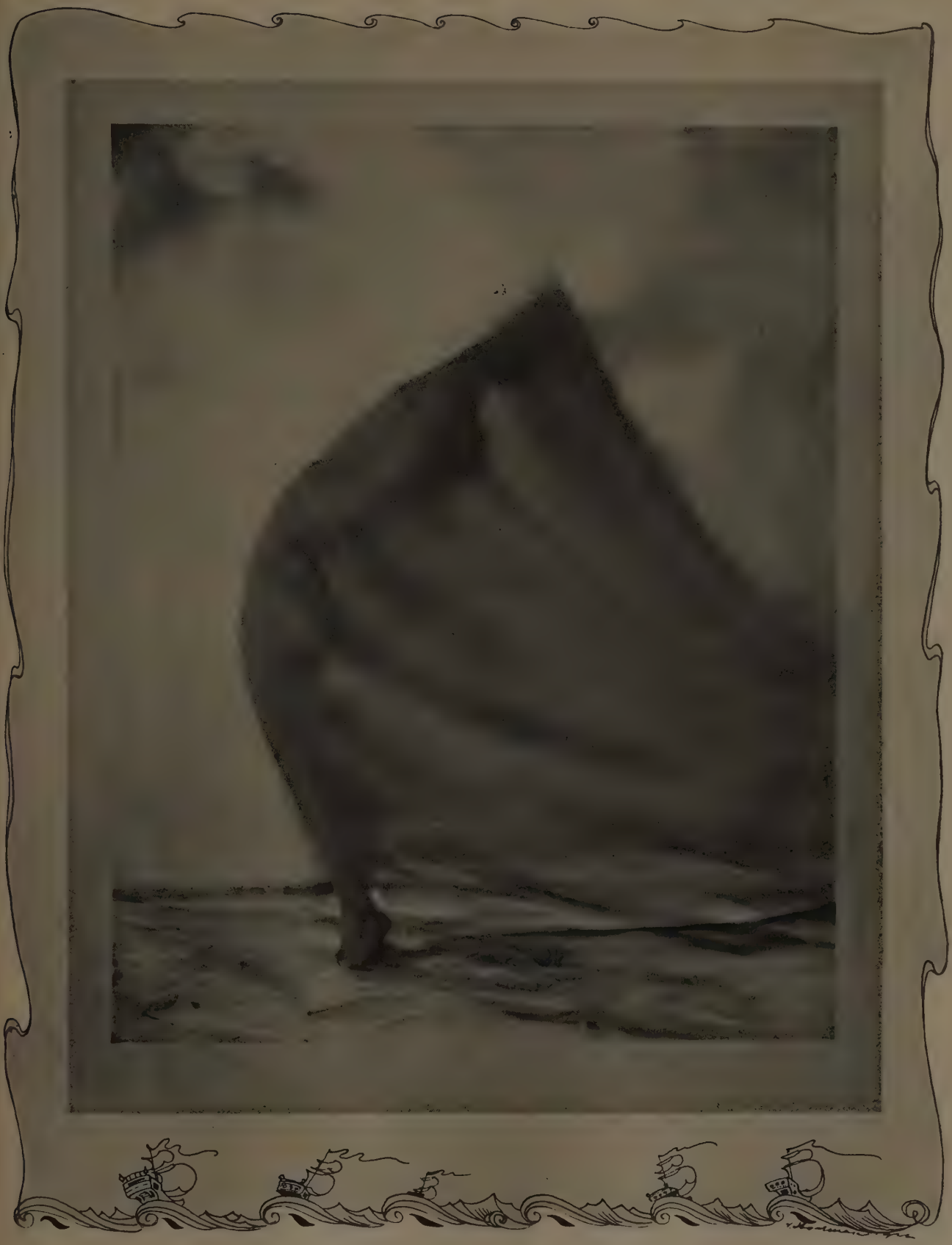
RATHER strange was the fate of *The Whole Town's Talking,* a play written (from a German original) by those well-known filmists, ANITA LOOS and JOHN EMERSON. In the course of rehearsals Mr. EMERSON and A. H. WOODS, the play's producer, differed sharply as to the nature of certain repairs. So marked was the feeling that neither Mr. Woods nor Mr. Emerson would go near the play during its try-out. Those who saw the piece reported that it contained much that was excellent, but it seems likely to languish in the storehouse—a victim of stubbornness. Although there is still a report that it will be rewritten.

Probably there have been more plays written about EDGAR ALLAN POE in recent years than about any other character in the world. A reader for one of the prominent producers said not long ago that he had come across twenty Poe plays in the past two seasons, and felt sure that there must be several hundred in existence. SAMUEL SHIPMAN wrote a play about Poe a few years ago—it was announced for production by the Selwyns, but never reached the stage. And now comes the report that EDWARD KNOBLOCK is the latest craftsman to follow the craze. Mr. Knoblock's Poe play, says the rumor, is in Mr. Woods's office, and that producer is said to be casting around for actors.

VOGUE OF THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN CAPEKS

TWO plays by the Czechoslovakian Capeks continue to hold the boards in New York, despite the fact that in *R U. R.* and *The World We Live In,* the Capeks have really written the same play twice, so far as theme is concerned. And now comes the news that two more Capek plays are in existence over on the other side, with WILLIAM A. BRADY hot on the trail of both of them. One of them sounds distinctly in the Capek mood—it is lifted frankly from JULES VERNE, and is the tale of a sixth continent, newly arisen from the sea and peopled with a race far in advance of our own civilization. The other, a dramatization of RIDER HAGGARD'S *She,* sounds less in the Capekian strain, although it is understandable that it could be bent to their purpose. Anyhow, both of the new pieces will probably be seen on the New York stage some time next season.

Incidentally, it was KENNETH MACGOWAN, dramatic critic of the New York *Globe,* who first told Mr. BRADY about *The World We Live In.* Chancing to meet Mr. Brady in a Berlin café during the Summer, Mr. Macgowan waxed enthusiastic over a play that he had just seen in Prague—rather imagining, at the time, that it was something for The Theatre Guild to produce, and not at all a play to Mr. Brady's liking. Mr Brady, however, took the next train for Prague and purchased the piece.

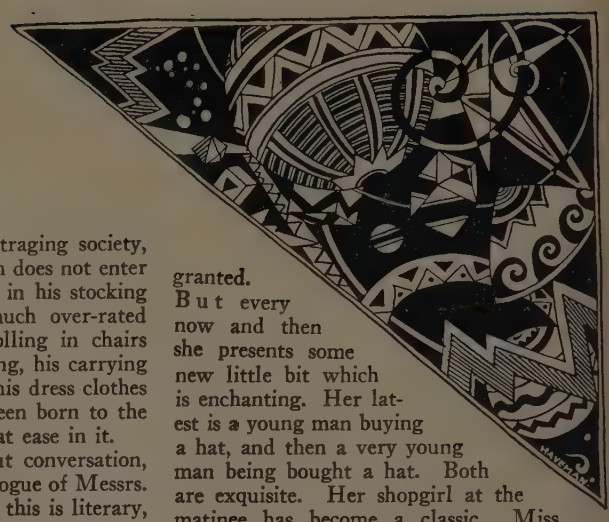


THE SAIL

Dixie, a product of Helen Möller's theory of the dance, achieves an unusual effect of poise and velocity before the camera of George Maillard Kesslere

THE TWO-A-DAY

BLAND JOHANESON'S REVIEW OF THE VIRTUES AND VILLAINIES OF VAUDEVILLE



MORE than a year ago Lina Abarbanell appeared for a very short time in a frothy, unpretentious little comedy which seemed to approach the perfect vaudeville sketch. The heroine's virtues did not shine like spangles in the spotlight. The situations in which she was found were not of the variety described by farce-writers as "innocently compromising." The act closed. Everytime I see one of the high-minded, sanctimonious, platitudinous, dramatic moral-lessons which endure I lay a fresh palm upon the grave of Abarbanell's venture.

I have watched Holbrook Blinn in a heavy white makeup and a convict suit clutching his shirt while wailing that it's not the blows that hurt, but that something just twists and strains inside of you; heard Lou Tellegen, his face uplifted to the full glory of an amber baby-spot, sobbing that it was a woman who dragged me down; seen Lionel Atwill strangle the viper who flirted with his singularly unattractive wife.

Though all this nobility afforded me unbounded delight, I have been moved to positive transport by Wellington Cross in a one-act satire *Wives*. The staging is by Percival Knight and the actresses who support Mr. Cross are competent and attractive. But one of the silliest endings in an art brimming with "—if I could only bring back your auld mither as she was that day in Ireland" dénouements ruins a promising and entertaining sketch. Mr. Cross, having been made love to by three charming married ladies and having promised to take each one on the following afternoon to tea at Delmonico's, might do the square thing by the women in the way of persiflage and marmalade. But the shades of a million vaudeville heroes forbid such heterodoxy. He stings the lovely ladies without even a note and a box of chocolates and he takes whom do you suppose? to a matinee—his mother. Lest you miss the full ecstacy of this righteousness, the cavalier telephones mamma from a smart reception to extend the invitation. Of course, such debauchery as promiscuous tea parties should be kept out of refined family entertainment, but couldn't Mr. Cross be saved by golf or anything which would have left mother to her long hours and arduous toil on the smaller circuits?

William Faversham, who is appearing with a charming actress, Miss Helen Daube, has been unfortunate in the selection of *A Marriage Has Been Arranged* by Alfred Sutro as his vehicle. It is a very entertaining sketch, but I have heard nothing but objections to it, all on the same ground —that it is merely "conversation" and that Mr. Faversham does not "act" in it. He does act, but a little too well. He, the erstwhile arbiter elegantiarum, appears as a self-made man. To an audience schooled in the Jiggs methods of outraging society, the fact that Mr. Faversham does not enter the duchess's drawing room in his stocking feet proves that he is a much over-rated actor. Furthermore, his lolling in chairs while Miss Daube is standing, his carrying his hands in the pockets of his dress clothes only mark him as having been born to the *haut monde* to be so much at ease in it.

The sketch is nothing but conversation, true, but so is the classic dialogue of Messrs. Moss and Frye. However, this is literary, Curzon street conversation strangely painful to ears attuned to Surf Avenue, Coney Island, wise cracks like:

Mr. Faversham: *Bonjour. Vous allez bien ce matin?*

Miss Daube (*indignantly*): You dirty bum!

Harry Welsh, who suggests the peerless Bobby Clark and like him has mastered the sure methods of burlesque, is presenting in vaudeville a little episode which is highly amusing. He illustrates the pathetic desperation to which a waiter in a third-rate restaurant is driven by a finicky customer. No tragedian could do this as well. A futile accomplishment, possibly, to be a sad and desperate waiter, but Mr. Welsh is so funny in his despair he is a sheer delight. Always the inevitable soup. But the gentleman will have none of it. Mr. Welsh's are the sublime agonies of a logician in a mad-house.

What are so incomprehensible as the standards of the gentlemen who book attractions for vaudeville houses? Certain acts seem to have a monopoly on the best theatres. An extremely unpleasant rough-house called *The Wager,* for instance, in which a man with a moustache runs about in a pair of feminine pantaloons and a colored stepper, frolics in the most informal intimacy with the Wheelers, the Mandels and Owen McGiveney, visits one big-time house after another, shutting out an act which might entertain the audience instead of the other performers who hang about in the wings to cheer this misbehavior. Low comedy is a precious thing, but everything low isn't necessarily comedy.

May we join the "Affiliated Theatres Corporation" in thanking Providence for the Misses Watson who make satisfying refreshment out of its slightly unpalatable unit *Stolen Sweets?* The sisters are on in one scene after another, working harder at one performance than they did in a week while they had fifteen minutes next to closing on another circuit. They always are entertaining and the extemporaneous clowning of Miss Fanny Watson saves the show.

Miss Juliet has been a vaudeville star for so long she suffers in being taken for granted. But every now and then she presents some new little bit which is enchanting. Her latest is a young man buying a hat, and then a very young man being bought a hat. Both are exquisite. Her shopgirl at the matinee has become a classic. Miss Juliet does these things with such perfect finish, she wastes her time imitating Pat Rooney, Houdini and Ethel Barrymore to edify the mad wags who bellow these challenges from the gallery.

The whimsical and vague technique of music hall vocalism has ceased to charm or to irritate. After having become accustomed to hearing "Swanee River Moon" sung with a breath between riv and ver, or moo and oon, the quality of Yvette Rugel's singing is startling. She has returned to vaudeville mercifully without a false notion of elevating it into a glorified parsonage parlor. So she has chosen to continue singing the hackneyed vaudeville hits, but in a way which is different. To put taste and intelligence into an interpretation of "Yankee Doodle Blues" is an achievement of extraordinary proportions.

The jazz band on the stage is an accomplished fact. We constantly are given restaurant entertainment without the flask, the alligator pear, and the amiable young girl on the other side of the table to make it interesting. Whiteman, Lopez, Specht and Lewis are entrenched in the halls. Now Mr. Walter Kingsley has come forth to herald one Brooke Johns as "The Barrymore of Syncopation! The Dempsey of Jazz!" But Mr. Brooke Johns is more than that. He is the Coué of pep. Every peppier. If you have a passion for this American commodity in its very rawest state, you will adore Brooke Johns.

Personally, I prefer woodwind to brass and talking to shouting. The lazy art of Ben Bernie, in my opinion, far surpasses the boisterous whoop-la business of the pretty awful Johns contingent. Mr. Bernie, the witty violinist, has been for several years one of the best singles in vaudeville. Now he is appearing with his own band, a good one. Even were it not so good it would be entertaining because of the slyly insulting jokes its leader makes at its expense. Mr. Bernie is so very clever and his act so diverting, I will not even hint that an actors' Tuxedo with fancy pockets is not worthy of his tremendous sense of humor.

Strauss-Peyton

WILLIAM HALLIGAN

Who is doing something both novel and important as the star of S. Jay Kaufman's unusual act, *Highlowbrow*. In it Mr. Halligan plays the hero of episodes based on three stories by De Maupassant, Dunsany and O. Henry. The playlet is one of Kaufman's many.

Hixon-Connelly

LEITZEL

The lovely Lillian, unquestionably the world's greatest aerial gymnast, spends her winters in the Halls awaiting the reopening of the Big Show of which she is the star. Above she is seen in her Sunday clothes—at the left, well, see for yourself.

Apeda

BERT AND BETTY WHEELER

Mr. Wheeler is one of those gentlemen who cannot distinguish between a powder puff and a marshmellow. His amusing addiction to these and his sister's pretty voice have made theirs one of the most popular acts in vaudeville.

Muray

FANNIE BRICE

Who is deserting variety for a while to take a new plunge into the legitimate but whose vast popularity on the Big Time will keep her from staying there too long.

Bloom

MYERS AND HANAFORD

Two talented young gentlemen who, with the aid of "saw music" and two "Way Down East" voices, succeed in putting over one of the best "rube" gentry comedy acts of the two-a-day. Their melodies have amazing sweetness.

IN THE HALLS

Acts That Sit Well on the Pinnacle of Vaudeville

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

The Little Country Theatre— The Most Significant Work of the Cornell Dramatic Club

WHEN the Cornell University Dramatic Club was organized by the Department of Public Speaking in 1907, its policy was to present notable plays from the continental theatre, which seldom or never were produced by the commercial theatre in America. Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," and "The Pillars of Society," Gogol's "The Inspector General," Capus' "L'Aventurier," Henry Arthur Jones' "Rogues Comedy," Giacosa's "Like Falling Leaves," Bjornsen's "Leonarda," played under this policy, gave the club its early place as one of the foremost activities at Cornell.

Meanwhile, the interest in the work had steadily grown and in order to permit more students to participate, and ampler opportunities for "little theatre" work in staging, costuming, lighting, etc., the Campus Theatre was organized in 1916—the number of undergraduates working with the Club during the year sometimes reaching two hundred and fifty. Their annual program has been one of monthly groups of one-act plays, each group being presented on two or three successive nights to S.R.O. houses—the theatre seating about 300. Here practically all the notable one-act plays suitable for undergraduate work have been given and the opportunity to see them has so pleased the University Community that the Club is eagerly supported by a loyal public of faculty, students and townsfolk.

Original plays presented by the Club have stimulated a lively interest in the writing of plays and this year the Club expects to launch an ambitious program of original one-act plays, as well as to present one or two notable plays by Continental dramatists.

DUE to the success and high standards of the Club's work, it has been instrumental in developing a general interest in dramatics in Cornell University, and its influence is seen in the work of other producing organizations, some of which find the Club's Theatre—which has been equipped by the hard work of its members—a convenient place to play, when the Club's staff handles the staging.

In general, the Cornell Dramatic Club is in its aims and standards much like the thousand other colleges and "little theatre" organizations about the country, with one exception. Its Little Country Theatre adventure, at the New York State Fair at Syracuse, which has been repeated each season for the past four years, stands out, unique in the history of college dramatics.

IN 1919, when the New York State Fair Commission decided to encourage the wider use of dramatics in country districts, and to advertise this movement, the director of the Cornell Club was engaged to establish a "Little Country Theatre" to run throughout the fair week, presenting plays of interest to country audiences, but of high standard and on a scale of simplicity in staging, etc., that would encourage country communities to do likewise. The success of this experiment has been beyond the most sanguine hopes of its promoters. Each year it is more successful. The theatre is simple, the stage is rather primitive, but sufficient; all the equipment is trucked from Ithaca to Syracuse and back; the Cornell players do all the work, brief talks explanatory of the idea precede each play; educational movies are sandwiched in when the crowd comes too fast. During a single week the 1922 theatre played forty-seven times, the house emptying and filling in four minutes, and on two big days they gave eleven performances each day.

THE 1922 program was composed largely of original plays written in competition for the New York State Fair Commission prizes for original plays—plays dealing with country life situations or plays especially suitable for presentation in country theatres. These prizes of $100, $50, $30 and $20 were won respectively by Phyllis Chapman of New York City, with "Betsey Anne"; Arthur Doyle of Canandaigua, New York with "Exile"; Mayer Portner of Ithaca, with "Soil," and George S. Brooks of Silver Lake, with "Nothing but Good." The plays selected for presentation at the Fair were "Betsey Anne," "Exile," "Jilted,"—written by Mr. Portner to be played in-

(*Continued on page* 72)

"Ready for the Road": The Cornell Dramatic Club, Country Theatre troupe, with truck packed for return to Ithaca after the State Fair Week performances.

Scene from "Exile," by Arthur Doyle of Canandaigua, N. Y., winner of the second prize offered by the New York State Fair Commission, in the competition for country life plays. The play was produced by the Cornell Dramatic Club at the State Fair, Syracuse, in September of last year.

THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

News of the Colleges, Schools and Dramatic Clubs

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

HUBERT OSBORNE, Assistant Professor in the Department of Drama at Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, and author of "Shore Leave," now running in New York, has dramatized Julian Street's novel "Rita Coventry," the story of a temperamental opera singer, and the play will be presented under Mr. Osborne's directon by the Drama Students of Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg.

The presentation of the comedy, which has been set in three acts is in the nature of a trial, and if it is successful, it is planned later, to give it a New York production with a professional cast.

THE PLAYERS OF PROVIDENCE

AN elaborate program of productions, both of the "major" series and the "studio" series has been planned for the present season by the Players of Providence, Rhode Island. Beginning with Louis N. Parker's "Summer Is A-Coming In," the list includes a revival of "Sowing the Wind" and dramas by Shaw and Sutro.

The Players are fortunate in the possession of a complete theatre workshop, with three full sized stages for rehearsal and experimental purposes. Here interesting problems in acting, production and lighting are worked out, and during the thirteen seasons of the existence of this group, which numbers 841 members, they have presented 87 plays—185 performances in all. The productions of the Players are notable for the artistry of their settings.

THE HOTEL MAJESTIC LITTLE THEATRE

THE Hotel Majestic at 72nd Street and Central Park West, New York, is to house a Little Theatre which plans to present a series of ten plays during the present season. It is hoped to combine in this little Theatre the advantages of a social club and a theatre, where actors, authors, artists and interested subscribers may gather to witness comedies and dramas of a purely entertaining nature, rather than those portraying the morbid themes of life.

The entire stock and settings of the Coburn Studios have been offered and accepted from Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, who have thus signified their interest in, and endorsement of the new group, and Alexander Clarke, former stage manager of the Coburns, is to come to the Little Theatre in the same capacity. Miss Bertha Creighton, at one time leading woman with Richard Mansfield, and recently with the Coburns in "The Bronx Express" is the Dramatic Director, with Miss Nina Saunders Derby as Social Director. Miss Zillah Thompson, prominent socially in Boston's Back Bay set is giving her support to the new organization and will play leads during the season. The first play is planned for presentation early in December.

THE EAST-WEST PLAYERS

DEVOTED exclusively to the one-act play of all nations, the East-West Players recently presented an interesting bill of four plays, at the Metropolitan Auditorium, New York, which included Molnar's "Dinner"; "Fancy Free," by Stanley Houghton; "Progress" by St. John Irvine, and "The Turtle Dove" by Margaret Scott Oliver. This group of players has received very flattering comment from the press of New York.

IOWA STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

PROFESSOR Frederica V. Shattuck, head of the Department of Public Speaking, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, has announced an ambitious program of dramatic productions for the year, including Zona Gale's "Uncle Jimmy"; Booth Tarkington's "Trysting Place"; Stuart Walker's "The Very Naked Boy"; Margaret Oliver's "The Turtle Dove" and Lewis Beach's "The Clod"—the three latter to be presented by the Little Country Theatre Group.

"The Tailor Made Man" has been chosen for the Junior Class play, and the class in play production will give a Christmas matinee of "Why the Chimes Rang."

Sometime during January, Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre will present "The Book of Job" at the College, the schedule for the balance of the season taking in "The Feast of Osiris"; "Fan and Two Candlesticks"; "Fingerbowls and Araminta"; "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree"; "The Casillis Engagement"; "Rollo's Wild Oats"; "Pierra Patelin"; "The Thunderbolt"; "The Dover Road," and for the Senior Class Play in June, Shakespeare's "The Tempest" has been chosen.

Miss Shattuck is assisted in the production of these plays by Professor Lester Raines, formerly the director of the Pitt Players of the University of Pittsburgh; Miss Helene E. Wilson and Miss Mildred I. Throne of the University of Wisconsin.

IN WHICH "AMATEURS" LEAD

NOT many—probably not any New York theatre-goers know that "Malvaloca," the Quintero Brothers' play selected for the first production of the Equity Players, of the Actors' Equity Association, was given its world premier in English at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, last summer, by the Community Players, a local dramatic group which has attempted to present plays of the better sort in that industrial community.

And it is a question whether any of the audiences that witnessed the Theatre Guild's much discussed "He Who Gets Slapped," knew that it was first produced at the State University of Montana, at Missoula, Mont., where it created a sensation.

We, in New York, like to believe that we lead—but do we?

THE DALLAS LITTLE THEATRE

UNDER the direction of Alexander Dean, the Dallas Little Theatre is working toward two objectives: To supply the need for dramatic entertainment in a community that has been completely deserted by the commercial theatre, and to serve as an experimental theatre for Texas plays.

This group, now in its third year, has a number of successful plays to its credit, and this season they plan to give "Ambush" by Arthur Richman; "Clarence" by Booth Tarkington; "The Things That Count" by Lawrence Eya; "The Truth About Blayds" by A. A. Milne; "The Family Man" by John Galsworthy; "The Tavern" by George M. Cohan; "My Lady's Dress" by Edward Knoblock; "The Cassillis Engagement" by St. John Harkin and two programs of one-act plays dealing with Texas life, by local authors.

THE PITT PLAYERS

UNDER the direction of Professor Frank H. Lane, Head of the Department of Public Speaking of the University of Pittsburgh, the Pitt Players came into existence in 1920, and have since enjoyed a phenomenal growth, with a present membership of over fifty active student players.

Their programs have included: Moliere's "Doctor in Spite of Himself"; Shaw's "Arms and the Man"; "Gammer Gurton's Needle"; Synge's "Riders to the Sea"; Milne's "Wurzel-Flummery"; and Houghton's "Dear Departed."

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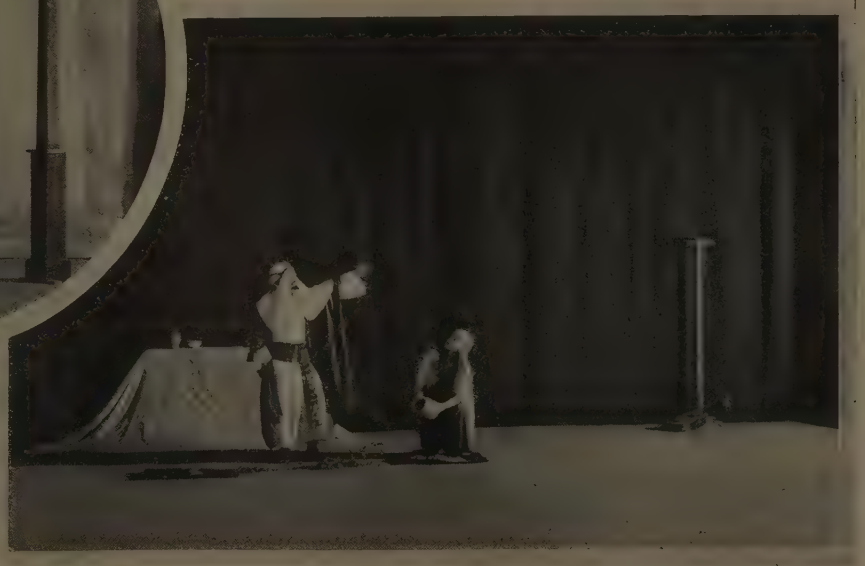
A clever backdrop and a garden seat contribute the needed atmosphere in this scene from the Quintero Brothers' *A Bright Morning*. The setting was the work of Richard Bennett, and all three plays were produced under the direction of Glenn Hughes at the University of Washington, Seattle.

The setting for "A Christmas Present" from *The Affairs of Anatol* was designed and executed by Richard Bennett; Harold McClinton playing the title rôle with Janice Watt as Gabrielle.



Photos by Wayne Albee, McBride Studios.

Strindberg's tragedy of the Desert, *Simoon*, was given an effective setting by Glenn Hughes, who appeared in the part of Youssef, with Doris Gallon as Biskra.

THREE INTERESTING PRODUCTIONS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The Promenades of Angelina

She has tea at the Stage Door Inn and learns of the latest fad in Paris

E. F. Foley

Tallulah Bankhead at the Actors' Equity Ball, was in advance of the mode by wearing one of the new wrist bands with a tiny square of bright colored silk tucked into it. The handkerchief may also be simply tied about the wrist.

FANNY picked me up for tea last week . . She had with her a young co-artist friend who has just come back from Paris . .

"Let's take her to the Stage Door Inn," said Fanny. "It's rather different, isn't it? with its wainscoting . . and the candles and all . ."

"Right you are," said I.

The Stage Door Inn it was then . . on Forty-seventh Street . . It's a unique place . . Two large rooms stretching the length of a floor . . dark wainscoting, as Fanny observed . . seats along the wall . . candles . . a flower or two on the tables. . The food is quite remarkable . . And most charming of all . .as a matter of fact the *raison d'etre* for the place . . are the little hostesses who serve the tables. These are clever young actresses, struggling to get their start on the stage, and waiting for engagements . . In the meantime they find maintenance in the amenable surroundings of the Stage Door Inn . . the guests find a gracious atmosphere and attention . . and everything in every way is mutually profitable . . Ingenious the idea, is it not? Hilda Spong thought it out and put it into execution.

Fanny's friend . . I said, didn't I . . had just come back from Paris. So . .

"What is the newest fashion note from there?" we questioned her eagerly. "That is, if any one note can be picked out from the rest."

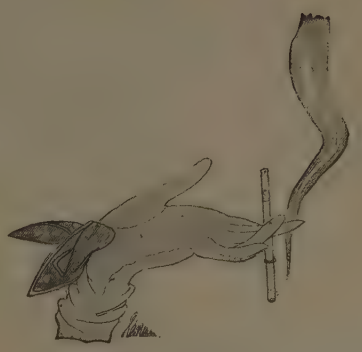
"The dominant note?" repeated She from Paris, perking her French-turbaned head on one side, "That's the easiest thing in the world to pick out just now . . In fact, you couldn't miss it if you tried. All feminine Paris has gone mad over the colored silk pocket-handkerchief . . Hasn't it reached America yet . . If not, it will . ."

We had just heard rumors . . seen traces of it here and there, we said . .

"Tallulah Bankhead at the Equity Ball, for instance . ," said Fanny. "Don't you remember? She was wearing one of those new wrist bands into which you tuck a bright wisp of chiffon . ."

"Yes, they wear them like that," said Fanny's friend, "and then, too, they just tie them around the wrist . . In several of the Revues in Paris that I saw each girl in the chorus had a different colored one around her wrist . . And Spinelly" (trust Spinelly with her insured-for-ten-thousand, most-beautiful-legs-in-Paris, Fanny and I exclaimed) "came out on the stage on one occasion with a handkerchief tied around each of her ankles."

"The craze started quite mildly at the French watering places in the summer . . Women took a large square of colored silk and tied it negligently about the bateau necklines of their sport frocks, turning the knot to one side . . Then they used the handkerchiefs to wrap their heads in . . bandeau fashion . . here too the knot on the side . . They wore them as girdles . . they tucked them into their belts . . into their suit pockets . . They wrapped them round their hands when dancing, to take up the moisture . . They thought of a dozen and one different uses for these pocket-handkerchiefs.

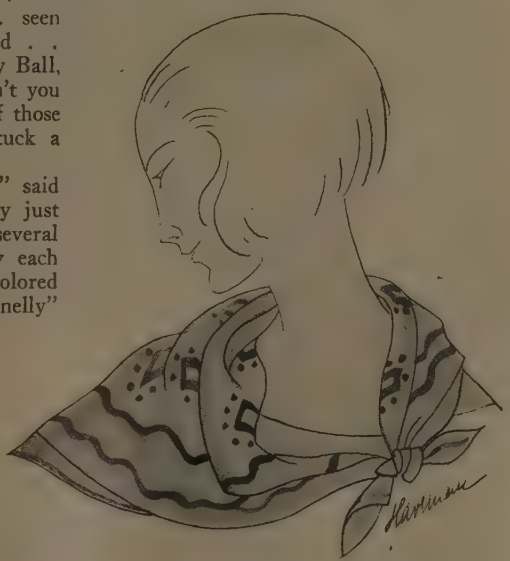


This is another method of wearing one's handkerchief. The latter comes specially for this purpose in an extra small size and is known as the glove handkerchief.

"Every size, every quality of silk, is employed. And what beautiful ideas, what colors are developed in them. Some of the handkerchiefs are little gems, positive works of art . . and they grow more and more exquisite every day . . . The craze hasn't abated one bit . . You will have it here as badly very soon . . .

Fanny and I were already started on it ourselves . . it sounded so alluring. We went silk pockethandkerchiefing the next morning and found some stunning things in the shops already. Two silk houses particularly are putting out some gorgeous ones.

The spectacular Spinelly, late of the Ziegfeld Follies, walked on in a Revue in Paris with a handkerchief tied around each beautiful ankle.



One of the most charming fashions for the colored handkerchief is to wind it about one's bateau neckline, with the knot and ends turned to the side

FASHION

Morrall

As Interpreted by the Actress

Fashion sees no abatement in the vogue of the *rôbe de style*. The alluring simplicity of it, the romantic flavor of its borrowed past, the chance given to show the full beauty and color of a material, go to place it in a special piquant class of its own. We think it will be many seasons—if entirely ever—before it disappears. Martha Hedman is wearing one of the "robe's" most charming manifestations, in crisply rich moire with tight-fitting, round-necked bodice, and full, full skirt, which because of the upstanding quality of the material needs no stiffening. The crenellated hem of the long skirt enables one to show one's smart footgear.

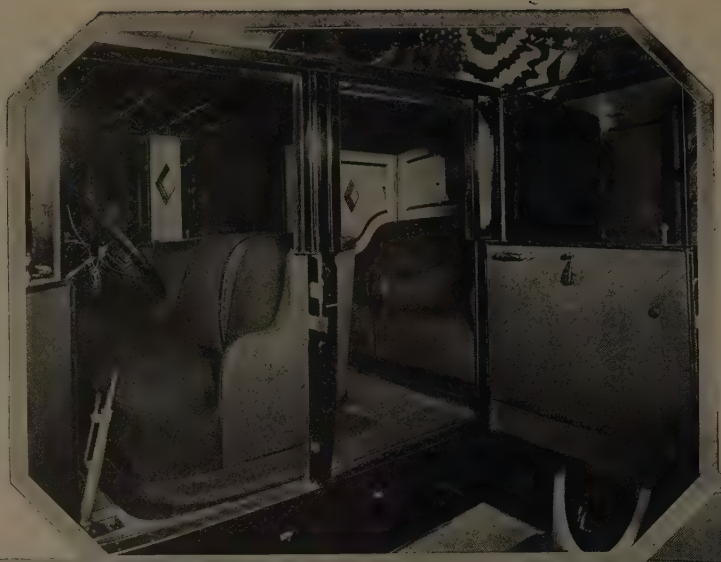
HELEN GAHAGAN A WITNESS FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE NEW SPRING SILKS

"Fashions for Men" is the play in which Helen Gahagan is making such a hit, but she is equally effective in fashions for women. Of delightful chic and practicality in this frock of sand-colored Thisldu, trimmed with printed Pussy-willow, which in turn is embroidered with beads. The background of the Pussy-willow is sand-colored and the pattern has orange and blue predominating; the beads themselves are in amber. Hat and amusing bag are of sand-colored Puff-up.

Curtis Bell

The new silks have a body and richness that need only the simplest of models for their fabrication into frocks. They have the further qualification of being quite uncrushable. Hoos-hoo is one of this distinguished class, and Miss Gahagan wears it here in cream color, with an overplaid of vari-colored stripes. Another of the spring silks is Braidelaine, which has fashioned Miss Gahagan's hat and scarf.

The ever popular Roshanara crepe now comes in a particularly bewitching form, a one-toned background with wide borders in contrasting color. Especially stunning is the black and white combination, of which this frock of Miss Gahagan's is made. The black and white hat to match is of Braidelaine.



A Stevens-Duryea with interior lines of classic smartness. It is upholstered throughout with Boyriven's French imported Havana-brown, satin-finish broadcloth.

Below, a Rolls-Royce model involving the increasingly popular divided chairs of smart pattern and extraordinary comfort. The upholstery is a serviceable English Bedford cord in a *café-au-lait* shade.

Below, a Lincoln model, the seats of which have an upward slant that promises unusual riding comfort. It is upholstered with a duvetyn-finish two-tone tango wool-cloth.

To the left is the new Leon Rubay cabriolet which, though normally a closed car, may be converted in a few seconds into an open car with a permanent top. The glass sides fold together on the section directly above the body panel between the doors.

To the right is seen the same Leon Rubay cabriolet opened, the glass sides having been folded into the panel which is seen standing open. The entire glass side is one unit and with the closing of the panel is locked securely away until needed for cold weather.

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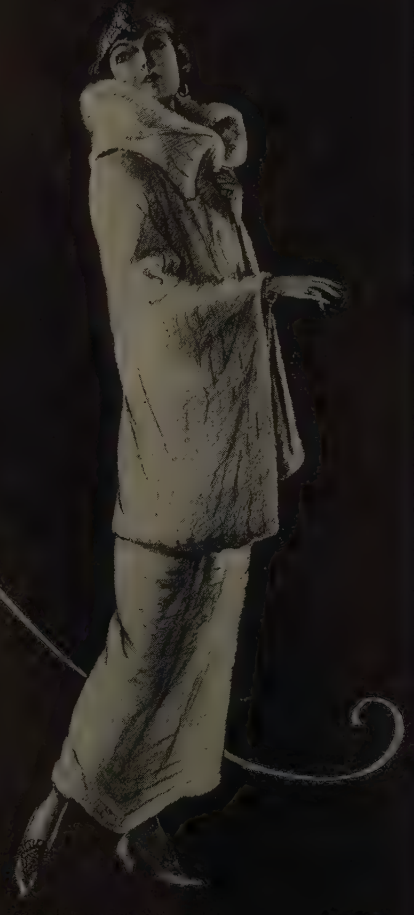

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RAIN

(*Concluded from page 32*)

a chair, the candle near her on the floor. She seems to sleep. Davidson, returning, gives a start of surprise when he sees her.

DAVIDSON: (*As though under terrific mental strain*). Out there in the rain —I walked and wondered, too—the darkness was full of eyes—I saw things I never saw before. I looked into the awful groves of Asteroth, where Solomon went to find the secrets of joy and terror. I saw Asteroth herself—I saw Judas—Sadie—you don't have to go back to San Francisco—

SADIE: (*Unheeding the change in Davidson's tone*). What other sacrifice could I offer—that is all I have got to give. I only hope I will be able to go through with it right.

DAVIDSON: From now on you will be strong — no more fear. — (*He now speaks as though in ecstasy*), beautiful — radiant. — You will be one of the daughters of the King. — (*He is bending over her and speaks in a reverent whisper*).

Next morning. An undercurrent of tragedy is felt in the confused going to and fro of natives and whites. A crowd surrounds the body of a man on the shore.

Horn and O'Hara are discussing the suicide when Sadie's long-silent phonograph sends forth its strident v They are startled and ask each o why the "rescued" Sadie should returning to her old-time diver When she opens the door, she is vealed in her familiar colorful togg the lace-coat, the sun-shade, the with the wistful feather and the w topped boots. She seems half def half disillusioned.

SADIE: Surprised to see me—all d up, eh? Well, why not—had to on my best, didn't I, this gay— glorious—morning—besides you k I'm "radiant"—I'm "beautiful"— ha—ha. Could not believe my when I saw that sun. Do I feel I do! I would race you down beach if it wasn't for these pesky h

O'HARA: Sadie—for God's sake off that phonograph—

SADIE: And why, for God's s should I turn off my phonograph?

They explain to her that Davi has been found on the beach, a sui Slowly the irony fades from Sa manner. After a pause, she says:

SADIE: So—he killed himself—th can forgive him. I thought the was on me . . . .

END

WHEN ACTORS TURN MANAGERS

(*Concluded from page 25*)

I think the great difficulty that faces the Equity Players is also its great obligation. This is to do what the Guild has not dared to do—develop the American playwright. This means more than waiting for a Minervan birth of another Eugene O'Neill. It means more than dramatizing a book by a respectable and successful novelist like William Dean Howells, or timorously trying a play like *John Hawthorne* at matinees. O'Neill got his growth *in a theatre,* the little playhouse of the Provincetown Players. If the Equity Players are going to be more than an Anglo-American or Hungarian-American success, they have got to work out some way of nursing the American playwright into artistic manhood. There are ways of doing this that have nothing to do with royalties. I think I know at least one myself, and there are a few to be found in Lady Gregory's history of the Irish Players, "Our Irish Theatre." The Equity Players attack the problem courageously by producing the work of an unknown, the drama *Hospitality,* by Leon Cunningham. This play—a sturdy, but by no means, staggering example of dramatic character-stu hasn't got the Equity Players much further along towards the G American Drama. But it has sh that sincere native plays aren't impossibility, either artistically financially, to any producer who w to seek them.

But, whether the Equity Players good American plays or have to back on good European plays te their house, their justification wil in this very simple test: At the of their first season will they brought to a reasonable numbe playgoers the pleasure of seeing plays well acted? If they do they need not worry over a bu that doesn't quite balance; the year will see to that. And they turn a supremely indifferent ea those who ask why an actor "sh bother himself with production w there are many managers nowa producing good stuff." There never be too many good plays o many good producers. The urg accomplishment in the theatre n no justification but power.

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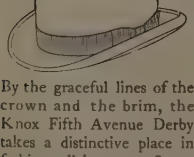

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KNOX HATS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KNOX NEW YORK

MUSIC

(*Concluded from page 36*)

one coughed; no program fluttered, no lady dropped her beaded bag, and no commuter whispered, "We will miss the 5:18."

Yet, it was not because he "tried to do right by our knell" (credit F. P. A.'s column), by dragging forth every poignant throb, every suggestion of the grave and the solemn terrors of death. Rachmaninoff is not an emotional player. Somehow, he brings the poetry from a composition with a cool air, as if he said, "Well, this is the way a sentimentalist might do this; but really, *I* do not."

Our breezy American boys have not neglected the keyboards, either. Harold Morris has had one recital, and he is a vivid, inspiring artist; his playing has warmth; it is human and individual. Lester Donahue returned after three years' absence, making a profound impression through his originality of style. Oliver Denton plays with intellect and still manages to set a little spark afire in the imagination.

Almost all the pretty ladies have been singing lately. Anna Case radiated and effervesced through her recital in Town Hall, though she let mannerisms pyramid. Being with Brahms and arch with Strau a difficult trick, and since Anna has a beautiful voice and is intelli she can easily correct coquetry.

Frieda Hempel, whose blonde lo ness simply gets more dazzling year, sang to an excited audi tossing off coloratura and lyric ages as if singing were all don kindness.

Sigrid Onegin, who is the Amneris I have heard in years, the ceiling decorations in Carnegi to become animated, through the p of her luscious, magnificent Marguerite Sylva sparkled durin intimate concert in which she t and explained and was thoroughl formal.

Galli-Curci is coming to the M politan in January and she will *Madama Butterfly*. She has al given a Hippodrome concert, and McCormack has been turning away.

The season is distinctly on, and who are disposed to musical ind tion should be a little cautious.

THE THEATRE AND THE WEST

(*Concluded from page 22*)

air productions has not robbed the little indoor theatres of any of their enthusiastic following. In the south, there is the Hollywood Theatre, under the management of Gilmour Brown. This little playhouse has already made notable history and calls for no enlarged comment here, except the note that southern California, home of the moving-picture industry, has always offered a favorable atmosphere for theatrical experimentation. This is in part due to the fact that screen actors, often idle for monotonous long periods, are only too happy to grasp the opportunity of working with an experimental group. Mr. Brown has gathered about him a number of capable people, and the plays he has given have been tasteful and well-mounted.

Summing up, I should say tha country is showing centers of dra ferment which off-set local intere the second-rate productions of legitimate theatre which filter in far the little playhouses are de ent, more or less, on New York Chicago for their standards of and judgment, but in a little whil may expect to see them evolve ori taste as well as their own stan of artistic fitness. At the pr time the little theatres of the We encouraging and fostering scor native dramatists, producers and s designers, who with their imagin vision and restless experiment will, I believe, eventually evolv indigenous dramatic literature method.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

There is an interesting group of soprano solos among the first record releases for 1923. Lucrezia Bori sings Juliet's *Waltz Song* from Gounod's opera on Shakespeare's famous drama. Geraldine Farrar sings a lovely composition of Dvorak — *"Songs My Mother Taught Me."* Galli-Curci sings that perhaps most famous of Puccini's arias, *"Someday He'll Come"* from *Madame Butterfly*. And another of Puccini's most dramatic, emotional scenes is interpreted by Maria Jeritza —the famous "Vissi d'arte" (Love and Music) from *Tosca*, in which rôle this artist opened the Metropolitan Opera Company's present season.

opera the epithet "grand" is *"Al sempre"* (To Me Forever Lost) *I Puritani*. To those who love this record by De Lucia will come marvel, a fine old air in the "grand" traditions of the opera.

If John McCormack sang every that his admirers would like to him sing, he'd never get any His latest record on the January list will please his entire follow a song in a lyric metre familiar lovers of Irish poesy. *"Moth Ireland"* is obviously a song o homesick, composed in waltz with a melody which the tenor lightly and easily, dwelling here there with true lyric fire and p on some high note.—*Advt.*

Fleur Ardente

LES PARFUMS DES PRINCESSES 1830

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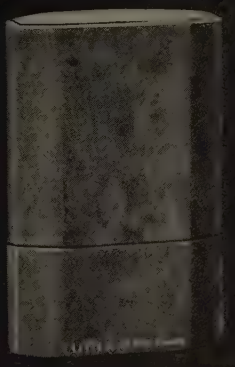
I will admit I hesitated for a long time before I would send my perfumes to America—just why, I do not know. If I had but foreseen the generous response with which my modest efforts would be met, my finest creations would have been yours many years ago.



The PERFUMES of PRINCESSES

Also I have been made happy by the enthusiasm with which my brochure has been received. And why should it not be? For in this little booklet are disclosed the *secrets intimes* of the Parisian boudoir, the little artful ways in which the French woman uses perfumes.

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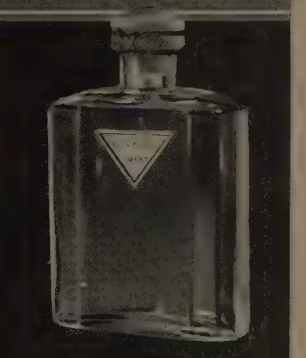

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE GODS PROTEST

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

There has been so much discussion on the subject of "The Passing of the Gallery," and so many opinions expressed in an attempt to place the cause of the apparent falling off of patronage in this section of our theatres, I venture to offer at least one explanation.

You may call it "suppressed emotion" if you will, or "restrained acting," as some prefer, but whatever it is that has crept into our theatre under the guise of art, it has succeeded in driving the patrons to a vantage point as near the stage as possible in order that they may hear what the play is all about. Little wonder, considering the style of acting demanded by certain managers and stage directors, that the good old gallery gods have flown from their seats in dismay, utterly unable to hear the mutterings and whisperings down on the stage.

Take your actresses and actors of the so-called "old school" (may it return soon!) and your seasoned playgoer will tell you he had no difficulty in hearing and understanding every word from the last row in the gallery. And these players didn't have to shout. They simply spoke the King's English distinctly and resonantly. What with our various styles of "suppression" and "restraint" on the native stage it seems to me a wonder if the man in the row orchestra manages to hear thing at all.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY HU
New York City.

MAGAZINE INSPIRES

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

As an actor I have been a reader of THEATRE MAGAZINE many years. It has been a joy to me, as well as an invalu aid. The articles by men of ac plishment in the theatre have guide posts and an inspiration to young in the field. Your sane edi als are also bound to be far reac in their effect. They are the f essays written today on our contem ary theatre, the views of a mind and fine, and broad enough to see theatre as something belonging humanity and in which humanity and must express itself.

Your new covers are dignified, tistic and worthy of housing the things within. In short, your jou is unique in that it gives digni worthy expression to what conc the theatre.

Very truly yours,
CONRAD NAGE
Hollywood, California.

"YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WITH US!"

(*Concluded from page 26*)

places; of the usual hardships of theatrical life on the road, and of how, no matter what trouble or misfortune overtook the troupe, Savoy and Brennan always managed to make things cheerful for everyone concerned. She admitted that they refused to take life seriously, and we drew our own conclusion as to the real meaning of Savoy's statement that "the natural thing was the best and only thing to do."

"How long have they been together?" we asked as she skilfully arranged a rosette of ribbon on her boss' satin slipper.

"Oh, about twelve years, I should say," she replied. Quickly, she went on: "The first female impersonators were a team called 'The Russell Brothers,' and they had a vaudeville sketch which they named 'The Irish Servant Girl.' The team was famous all over the country, and they played the same sketch for years. They even went to England with it. Everybody knew and saw 'The Irish Servant Girl,' and everybody just crazy about them.

"One of the brothers was sudd taken very ill, and had to be sent sanitarium. Bert Savoy, who wa young actor on the same bill them, had watched the Rus Brothers' performance so many t that he knew the lines and 'busin by heart. Somebody had to step to finish the act, and they asked to do it. He was just hanging arou doing nothing, so he went on, took to the part so well that he pla it for months before anyone knew difference. That's where he gets big-mouth laugh from. Ask any of old-timers who remember the Rus Brothers, and they'll tell you that of them was famous for just that s laugh.

"Savoy played for quite a long t in the sketch, and while he was West in some small town, he met Brennan. They took a liking to e other and decided to tie up as a te That was over twelve years ago, they've been together ever since."

THE return of Spring is heralded by the appearance of new silken frocks; one sees them everywhere in town and country—and refreshingly lovely they are, whether silhouetted against soft greenery at the Southern resorts, or playing their parts in the colourful pageantry of the Avenue.

Silk is again the season's favourite fabric, and the natural preference is Cheney Silk, since the smartness of so many frocks depends upon exquisite texture, original design and distinctive colour harmony. . . . . The latest creations of the Cheney looms, including that superb weave—Frostkrêpe—may be found in department stores everywhere.

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CHENEY SILKS

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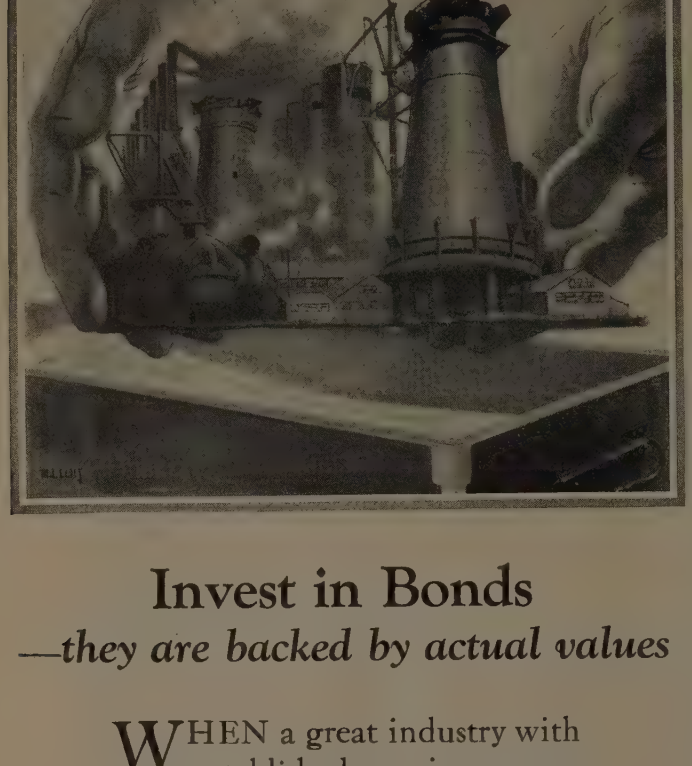

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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

PIRANDELLO—THE THEATRE'S LATEST GENIUS

(*Concluded from page 9*)

though not large, are the dominating feature in a face which expresses an extraordinary blend of super-mentality and a thorough understanding of the physical in life.

"It is a mistake to call my plays 'grotesques,'" Pirandello was saying, "and critics who first referred to them as such have since admitted their error. It is true that my book, *Il Fu Mattia Pascal* (*The Late Mattia Pascal*), the story of a supposed suicide, inspired the 'grotesque' movement. When I began my theatre (meaning his dramatic school or movement) I did not attempt to follow what the grotesques had done.

"I began to write plays for my friend, Musco, the Sicilian actor. They were all in Sicilian dialect—three of them—*Pensaci, Giacomino* (*Think it over, Jimmy*). *Il Piacere dell'Onestà* (*The Pleasure of Honesty*) and *Leola*.

REAL ITALIAN THEATRE

I BEGAN to write in Italian because I felt that a real Italian theatre must be founded. My first play in Italian was *Cosi E* (*Se Vi Pare*). *It's true* (*If you think it is*), which I consider my best play after *Enrico*—(*Henry IV*).

"Until now, our theatre has been merely an imitation of the French. There is no reason why Italy should not have an original theatre. We have left old forms behind us. With young writers like Rosso Di San Secondo the new movement will go on.

"The scope of my theatre—indeed, I have no objective like Bernard Shaw with whom I am sometimes compared. But it is an inappropriate comparison. Unlike Shaw, neither social nor political reforms occupy me. You might say that mine is a philosophical rather than a political-social expression."

What would be the effect upon Pirandello, if such flagrant liberties were taken with one of his plays in America, as the misinterpretation of Sem Benelli's *La Cena delle Beffe* (*The Jest*), might be imagined from his recital of why *Cosi E* (*Se Vi Pare*) was not produced in England.

This extraordinary drama is one of the most baffling presentments of the Pirandellian Conscience, and unanswered mystery is the closing note of the play. What is truth, what is illusion?

Into a provincial town comes a young man with his wife and mother-in-law. To the scandal of the neighbors, he installs his mother-in-law in a separate apartment and never permits her to see his wife. The prying of the townspeople gets from the man the reluctant confession that the mother-in-law is mad and thinks his second wife is really her daughter (his first wife) who was killed in an earthquake. To prevent her from knowing the truth he keeps the two women apart. Later, the mother-law, tortured by questions, confe that her unhappy son-in-law is n and thinks that her daughter, his w was killed in an earthquake and t the present wife, who is really daughter, is his second wife!

Six Characters in Search of an thor, with its subtly vascillating p sentment of what is reality, wha fiction, is better known abroad t his great drama, *Henry IV*. This been presented in Italy by seven ferent companies.

AN ITALIAN HAMLET

IN this strange contrast of madn and sanity, Pirandello has gi literature another Hamlet. No a quate idea of a Pirandello play be obtained from an indication of story, for the delicate psychology, sometimes brutal presentation of b ing questions, the blend of trag and human suffering with seem fantasy, carry the action forward w that fine precision of detail wh marks the intricate mechanism o ated by Destiny.

Pirandello's latest play, *L'Uomo, Bestia e La Virtu* (*Man, Beast Virtue*), created such a violent c of opinions, at its première in Mi including a duel, that he decided take it off.

When played as a broad farce a Milan and Rome, it is highly sug tive though not one objectionable w is spoken. Pirandello's idea was q different from the Italian interpr tion, being more or less symbolica the animal nature in all humans the evasive standard of virtue. desired his characters made up, with masks, but with plainly indic animal characteristics, as is com in human faces. Virtue in the was portrayed by a wife who hac discreet love for her boy's tutor, ing the continued absence of an different husband.

It is Pirandellian, but its laug is cynical.

STIMULATES THOUGHT

EVEN in the dramas of poig human suffering, expressed the genius of a poet and a philoso there are moments when the su sophistry, the fine dialectic, the u casuistry, cries aloud that Piran is not for the "mass mind."

The most dominant note of Pirandello plays is that they in thinking. The unanswered interr tion of life, the intense cerebral s tions in which tortured human be struggle like helpless marion sound that note of pessimism w characterizes the Pirandellian science. Yet it is a pessimism w is constructively critical. It lea a broader understanding of hum and a deeper sympathy.

And after all, what higher could inspire a new movement in

MARION DAVIES
as *Princess Mary* in "*When Knighthood Was In Flower*"

MINERALAVA as an *Aid to Beauty*

by Hector Fuller

WHEN on the "silver screen" in a picturization of Charles Major's wonderful story: "When Knighthood Was in Flower," hundreds of thousands of people are made aware of the rapt beauty of Marion Davies, who so beautifully plays the role of Princess Mary, it is only natural that they should seek eagerly to discover by what means Miss Davies retains the fine qualities of the beauty which appeals.

It is not by home remedies, massage, cosmetics or paints that a woman may hope to retain the complexion of Youth. Science has shown the perfect way through Mineralava.

Miss Marion Davies herself says:

"*I have found Mineralava Beauty Clay a most successful invigorator and stimulant for the skin; the perfect way to a perfect complexion.*"

Skin-Malnutrition, the prime cause of the evils that mar the beauty of the human skin, must have been much more rife in those ancient days, "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; days when soap and water were regarded not as daily necessities, but as luxuries. Today, through science and Mineralava the very root of the trouble is reached—and corrected.

Discovered 23 years ago as a product of the laboratories of Nature, Mineralava has been refined by the most noted chemists of Europe and America who have added to it medical ingredients which have given it healing and cleansing properties never equalled.

Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted English Skin Specialist, showed that of the two layers of the human skin, the Epidermis and the Dermis, the outer one was constantly flaking and falling away. This made it clear that only a product of Nature like Mineralava that aided in the process of building up, nourishing and making pure the under skin, would result in the perfect complexion.

Mineralava makes the skin well nourished, and a well nourished skin never ages. Lines, and wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, sallowness, enlarged pores, coarse texture, blackheads—all are due to "Skin-Malnutrition."

Mineralava is the one perfect specific for "Skin-Malnutrition!" It not only corrects the facial blemishes you can see, it works constantly and invisibly on the tender under skin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture so that it is ready, as the old skin flakes away, to take its place—new born and beautiful.

Every face that is subject to premature wrinkles, blackheads, eruptions, or any disorder of the skin is suffering from Skin-Malnutrition.

Mineralava is ideal for home use. It should be on hand regularly. It is the great, speedy and safe renovator of tired faces.

And, remember: Mineralava, the guaranteed product can not be successfully imitated.

Originally Mineralava was sold only in Beauty Parlors at as high as $15 a treatment. Today it is within the reach of every woman at $2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing eighteen treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. Full directions for treatment and a soft brush for applying, with every bottle.

There is also an Introductory Trial Tube of Mineralava at 50 cents.

MINERALAVA—makes Blemished Skin Perfect!

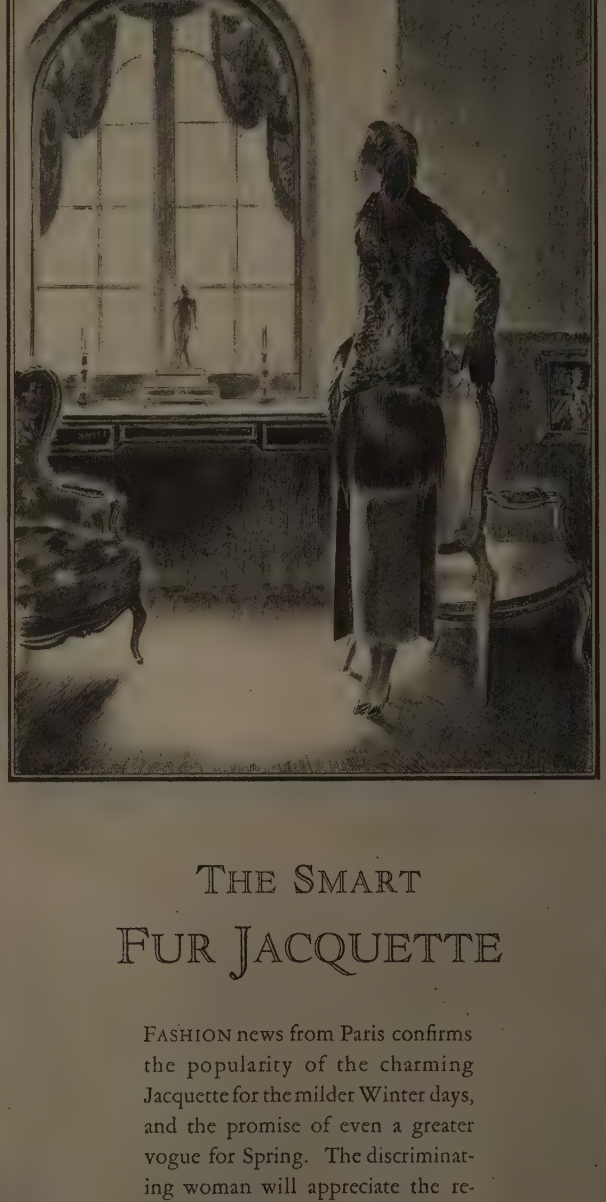
MINERALAVA—corrects all forms of Skin-Malnutrition!

MINERALAVA—keeps Young Faces Healthful and Rosy!

MINERALAVA—moulds Old Faces to the Contour of Youth!

Mineralava has 22 years successful use behind it in the best homes of America. Don't experiment with new and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection.

Go to your dependable Druggist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava Beauty Clay. If the Store does not happen to have it, write direct to the manufacturers and they will see that your dealer is supplied to fill your requirements. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.



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FUR JACQUETTE

FASHION news from Paris confirms the popularity of the charming Jacquette for the milder Winter days, and the promise of even a greater vogue for Spring. The discriminating woman will appreciate the remarkable Gunther selection of these short coats, so aptly designed to express the mode in a novel and entirely refreshing manner. Their moderate price invites the early selection of a Gunther Jacquette.

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Fifth Avenue at 36th Street
NEW YORK
Furriers For More Than a Century

THE MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(*Concluded from page 12*)

tered visitor from the West Coast. "But how strange that you should remember me!"

"Not at all," he insists. He reminds her of the plays that were her favorites and the seats that she used to order weeks in advance.

She walks away, pulses throbbing, her substantial feet seemingly changed, transformed into pinions. "He remembers me. David Warfield! After all these years!"

He feels no shame at his humble beginnings. He likes to tell of the afternoon when he made up and dressed to no purpose at a Sacramento theatre because there were none in the theatre to witness the performance. Not one. And of reciting in an Eighth Avenue beer garden for what the patrons were willing to bestow. Thirty-two years ago it was, but he enjoys the tale. It has the flavor of what he enjoys, a good story.

Another trait, collateral, is his scorn of affectation. He sighs at long dissertations on the art of acting. "There's a great deal of nonsense spoken and written about the art of acting," he said. "Either you can or you can't. That's all."

One fear has lived in his heart since the Bush Street usher days. He is afraid of no man. He fears no woman, unless, as all husbands should, his own wife. The fear of poverty is an immovable tenant in his heart.

"Ever since I can remember I have had one wish. It was that I would never be a poor old actor." He has said this as many times as there are lights on Broadway.

The investment houses of New York say he is one of the richest actors in the world. He has invested shrewdly, with infinite care. Yet he is afraid to look over his shoulder lest he see the bogie, black, shadowy, baleful.

Aye humility! That is the synonym for David Warfield.

XIV.—ARTHUR HOPKINS

LONG and pungent silences, much golf playing, and the ability to interest capital in his productions, are the outstanding qualities of Arthur Hopkins.

He came to New York from Cleveland, a booking agent for vaudeville acts. He discovered Clare Kummer and Eleanor Gates and Robert Edmond Jones and has secured the direction of the fortunes of two of America's royal family of the stage, Ethel Barrymore and John Barrymore. Which argues power.

With the air and the person of curb broker he combines the retice of a Hindu philosopher. No Ado he. A short, broadly built man, rou of face and addicted to round hats, has no suggestion of etheral esse Yet he and Robert Edmond Jones in Europe, effected a mental mat and ever since have lived in am

He has a higher percentage of f ures than any other manager. wrote *The Fatted Calf* which ran a week at Daly's Theatre. It was début upon Broadway. *The Del* offered by him at the Hudson The suffered the same fate. *Evange* wandered through a dubious Arca of one week. His successes have b shining ones. He produced *The* with both the Barrymore brothers. offered a conducting arm to E Barrymore and led her away f her aristocratic cradle, the Em Theatre to the Longacre Theatre. provided John Barrymore's *Ha* and Ethel Barrymore's *Juliet*.

"A man of long silence." So a m ber of one of his company charac ized him. "If you are calling on in his office you want to scream him: 'Don't be rude. Break your lence or I will break my contract.' rehearsals his silences descend a pall upon the spirits of the perform

On the newer Hopkins recruits. elder and tried ones provide infor tion behind shielding hands. "] thinking something out. Retice The Welsh way, you know. He' Welsh descent."

This newer impresario may be n ing from his office, but he is n missing from the golf links. He p and plays and plays. Until n millionaire is left on the green. while primarily he plays golf, sec arily he inspires the confidence of whose pockets bulge with money their safe deposit boxes with securi He does not ask them to invest in productions and the Robert Edm Jones' scenery. They offer to. T want to. How they want to! And with no show of emotion in his ra heavy face, permits them to becom partners.

He says little but when he sp it is with the punch of a bludg He wrote a brochure. Its title wa inquiry, "How's Your Second A He talked of critics. He asked t should they discover in him any sincerity, to place his head upo block, but adjured them not to w to impress themselves.

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

The success at the Metropolitan Opera House of Sigrid Onegin—makes this prima donna a dominating figure of the present musical season. For her first Brunswick records, the distinguished contralto sings the familiar "Mon Cœur S'Ouvre à ta Voix" and *Carmen's* "Chanson Boheme." In the sweeping legatos of the well kn aria of Dalilah, Onegin is superl

One of the most appealing airs written by Bizet is his "Agnus D Chamlee sings it with a wealth tonal beauty, mastery of phrasing impeccable diction. He is as aut tative and compelling in the Perc Kahn "Ave Maria."—*Advt.*

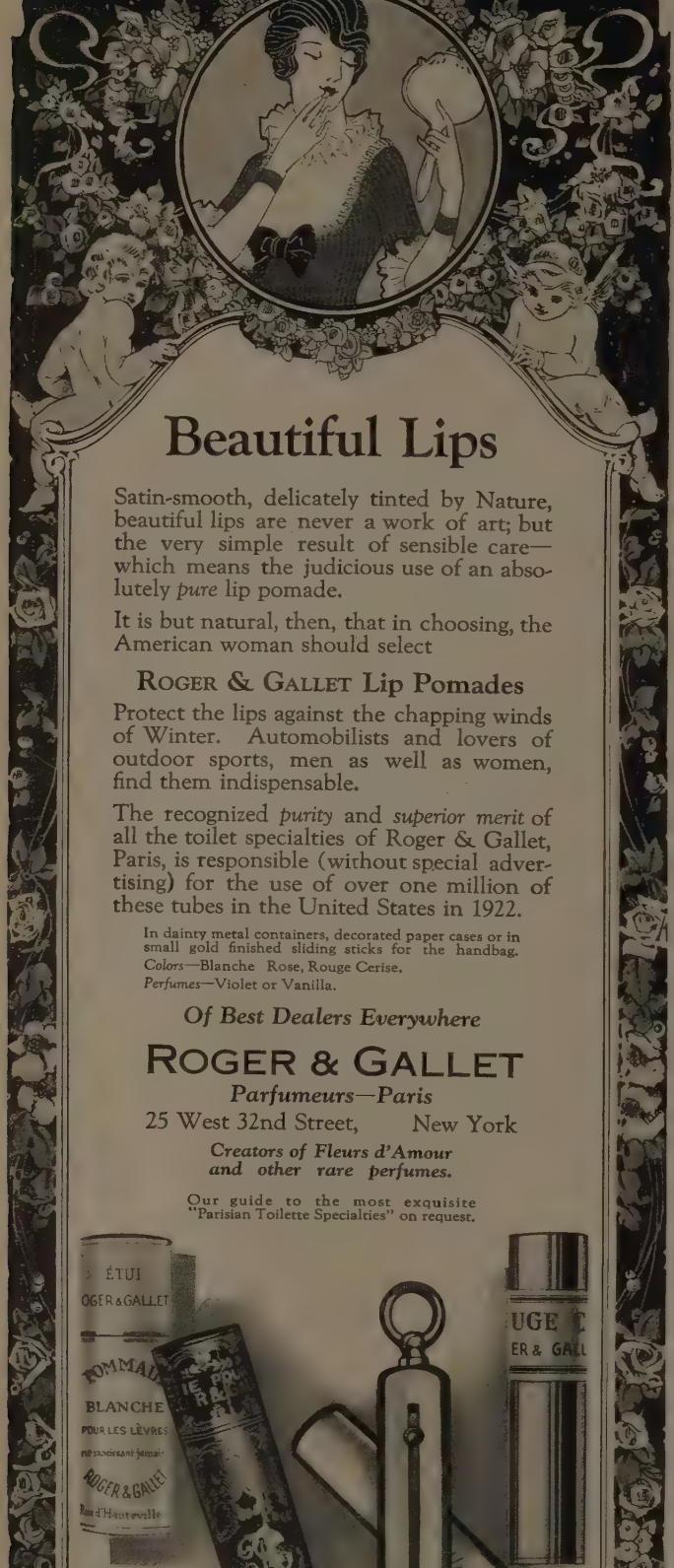
*HYDE PARK, LONDON**

***Hon. Freddy**—"Haven't the foggiest idea, old chap—Ridley, do we use tyres?"*

***Ridley** (waxing warm)—"Kelly-Springfields, sir—American, nothing to touch 'em—never blow or skid—a bit of orl right, sir, if you ask me!"*

*Drawing and dialogue by Laurence Fellows, London.

THE qualities which a motorist seeks in tires are the same practically all over the world. These qualities are long mileage, freedom from trouble, safety from skidding, and low cost. Since Kellys combine all these qualities to a marked degree, it is not surprising that they have become internationally famous. It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.



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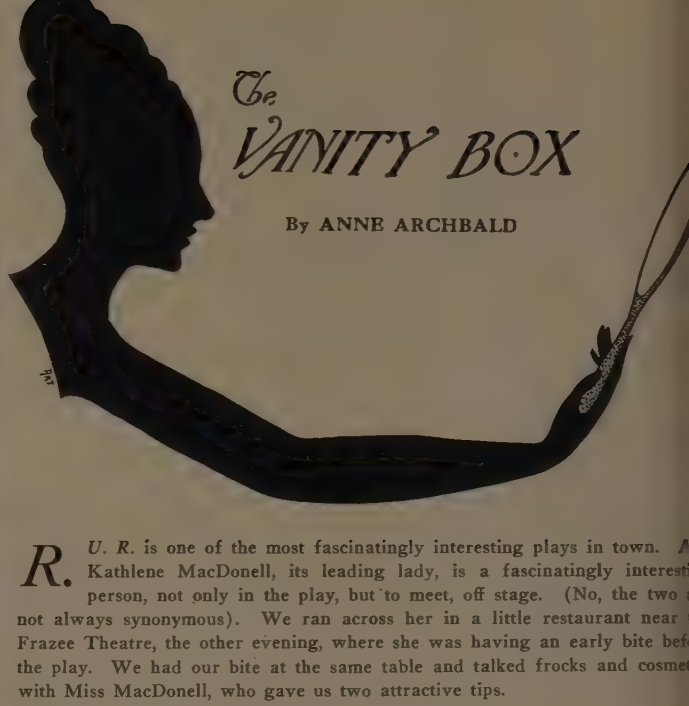


The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

R. U. R. is one of the most fascinatingly interesting plays in town. A Kathlene MacDonell, its leading lady, is a fascinatingly interest person, not only in the play, but to meet, off stage. (No, the two not always synonymous). We ran across her in a little restaurant near Frazee Theatre, the other evening, where she was having an early bite bef the play. We had our bite at the same table and talked frocks and cosme with Miss MacDonell, who gave us two attractive tips.

One was about the use of odd shades of powder.

The other was about a new kind of bath salt.

As to the odd shades of powder . . Miss MacDonell thinks that Ameri women do not differentiate sufficiently between the four shades of powder t are customarily offered, the white, the flesh, the pink, the rachel. They st using whichever shade they happen on first and then keep on using it regardl of whether it harmonizes with their skin or not.

"You will find," said she, "countless women using white powder who sho be using flesh or even rachel. As a proof of its popularity, witness that wh powder is almost invariably the one shade offered for one's delectation hotel and theatre dressing-rooms. When, as a matter of fact, *almost no* wom should use white for her face. And few pink . . Cream, perhaps . . flesh rachel . . best of all, the new 'Peaches-and-Cream' powder, the softest a most natural-looking of them all, which harmonizes with the complexion every woman. These you will find authorized by the best and most pensive beauty establishments.

"And then," went on Miss MacDonell, "I should like to call women's att tion in particular, to the use of different shades for evening, such as the Fre women use, *mauve*, and *nile green*. Do women know, I wonder, that alm any New York department store carries these in small compactes, and t they are absolutely inexpensive?

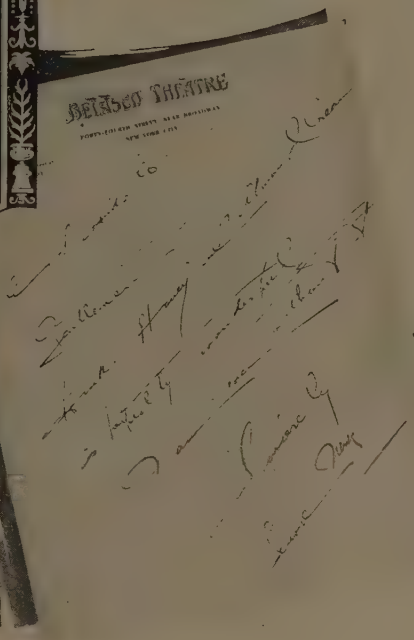
"Violet for evening has probably been heard of over here before. But n green sounds somewhat startling, doesn't it? And yet you can get a lov softness and pallor, more than with your daytime shade, with nile gre especially for olive skins, or for light cream blondes. With the violet, a Tell your Vanity Box friends to experiment with these two odd tones They will be repaid."

As to the new bath salts . . Miss MacDonell's story went something l this. She adores the shade of rose. She adores the flower itself, and scent of roses. Her bedroom is done in rose. So is her bathroom . . tow and washrags with rose pink borders, and rose pink initials . . rose b mats . . big and little cakes of rose soap . . crystal bottles with rose and bands . . and best of all, a big round crystal jar ornamented with a r pattern and filled with her favorite bath salts, *"La Rose du Bain."*

"I don't know whether you have heard about this bath salt?" she queri "I believe it's somewhat new . . I've only known of it myself a few months But it's delicious . . a fine white powder with a perfume that fills the t rooms with the delicate odor of roses, when I shake it into my tub, and wh softens the water and wonderfully cleanses and refreshes the whole sk I love a bath salt myself. I think it indispensable to daintiness, and I ha found this quite different from the regulation salts one has had heretofo besides being in my favorite perfume. *And* . . it is very nice and inexpensi coming at a dollar a box, inside of which are ten small boxes, and each sm box containing enough for two or three baths."

(We shall be glad to forward you one of the small boxes of "La Rose du Ba Bath Salts, containing enough for two or three baths, if you will send ten ce in stamps to The Vanity Box, Care THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th New York City. We will also furnish you on request, without charge, names of the shops in New York or the larger cities carrying the mauve a the nile green compactes).*

Lenore Ulric, Star of "Kiki," which has been a tremendous success in New York for over a year.



Lenore Ulric says: "Hinds Cream is perfectly wonderful"

This is the Cream that comforts and refreshes the skin;—fragrant, delightful, easy to use, yet always sure in yielding most gratifying results. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream prevents roughness and chapping, and adds greatly to the attractiveness of those women who are using it daily. The hands should be moistened with this cream to overcome the slight drying effect of some kinds of soap. Among its other valuable qualities, this pure liquid emollient forms a wonderfully effective base for face powder. Hinds Cream is also an agreeable aid in manicuring, to soften the cuticle for removal and to prevent soreness.

All druggists and departments sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in bottles, 50c and $1.00. Cold and Disappearing Cream, tubes, 25c. Jars, 60c. Traveler size, all creams, 10c each. We mail a *sample* Honey and Almond Cream for 2c, trial size 6c. Cold or Disappearing *sample* 2c, trial tube 4c.

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THE LAND WHERE THE GOOD DREAMS GROW

(Continued from December Issue)

*stumbling and rubbing their eyes. The children are all in one-piece sleeping-garments and carry a candle (unlighted) in one hand and a favorite toy in the other. As they stumble sleepily along they drone out the *"Sleepy Sheep Song."*)

SAND MAN:
On the way to Dreamland
See the children go,
Four and twenty candles
Twinkling in a row;
Dancing eyes grow dreamy
As they climb the stair,
Fancies flit like fairies
Round them everywhere.

FIRST CHILD:
One big sheep—

SECOND CHILD:
Two big sheep—

THIRD CHILD:
Three big sheep—

FOURTH CHILD:
And one poor litt-le la-a-mb!

ALL:
It said Maa-a, Maa-a
It said Baa, ba-a
One poor little lamb!
Then down the hill they go,
So,
So,
So,
(*Pantomine of sheep going over fence*)
In a row,
See them go
Over the fence they go!

FIRST CHILD:
One big sheep—

SECOND CHILD:
And two big sheep—

THIRD CHILD:
And three big sheep—

FOURTH CHILD:
And one poor little lamb!
(*They disappear up stairs singing very slowly and sleepily.*)
(*Babette follows stealthily*)

PART TWO

(*Outside the City of Sleep. In background a city—at one side is a lofty white entrance; embowered with roses; at the other, a low dark door. A soft twilight floods the stage.*)
(*Enter POET, dressed as before, his pack upon his shoulders and a small book in his hand.*)

POET:
This should be the spot.
(*He reads*)
"Two gates are there of sleep, whereof the one is said to be of horn by which an easy egress is given to true visions; the other, shining, wrought of ivory; but through it the infernal gods send up false dreams."†
Enter POPPY LADY—Solo Dancer—
The Bringer of Dreams.
(*She is followed by a chorus of her* DREAM-MAIDENS, *bright iridescent spirits with festoons of poppies.*)
O, Lady of the Poppies, soft-creeping
Through the dim night
In your mole-skin shoon,
Where the pale searching beams
Of the wan crescent moon
Fall on mortals a-sleeping,
Scatter bright dreams!
(*Descriptive lines.*)
(*They dance and retire. The Poppy Lady looks carefully to the fastening of the ivory door and slips away.*)
POET: (*Looking up from his book which he has been studing carefully*)
"Two gates stand guard o'er the
City of Sleep,
Two angels their watch forever keep
To sort out the false and the true;
And dreams come trooping their
portals through,
They come by twos, and they come
by threes,
The souls of mortals to bless or to
tease."
Here are the gates, alright, old
Virgil knew
The ground. No doubt he often
sought escape
As I tonight—but how shall I find
entrance?
(*He reads further*)
"The gate is of tough and fibrous
horn
Where dreams of love and truth are
born;
Thoughts too lofty for mortal ken
Are wafted down to sleeping men
From the golden meadows of
asphodel
Where only the pure and the true
may dwell."
(*As the Poet reads the dark door opens slowly and the* GOOD DREAMS *in draperies of soft blue with garlands of asphodel (Narcissus or Daffodil) steal forth and dance softly, dreamily. The Poet reads on unheeding but as they go back through the dark doorway he follows them and the door closes behind him.*)
(*Enter* SAND MAN *in haste, as if belated. He turns his empty sack upside down, shakes it, then skips fantastically as if content with a night's work well done. As he slips through the dark door* BABETTE *enters, limping, stumbling, weary with her long chase. She seeks to follow the Sand Man into the City of Sleep but falls exhausted outside the door. She sleeps.*)
(*Enter* CEDRIC *very cautiously, he sees Babette and notes with mischievous delight that she has fallen alseep outside the City of Dreams. He undoes the bars of the ivory door, chuckles and capers with malicious glee, then hastens away.*)

THE COMING OF THE BAD DREAMS—Strange terrifying shadows flit in and out, mocking, grimacing shapes, the "Seein' things at night' sort of dreams.

The DANCE of the TROLLS: The mischievous little men of the mountain join in grotesque dance; they approach the sleeper, pull her curls and tickle her nose with long spears of grass. She sneezes violently. Chuckling with glee they steal away.

The LITTLE MINCE-PIE DREAMS: Tiny roly-poly children made up quaintly to suggest great mince-pies. As they caper about Babette tosses restlessly in her sleep and moans.

(*Enter* POPPY-LADY—*She looks in consternation at the open ivory door and the restless sleeping child. She again fastens the bars. Then she looks compassionately at the little sleeper and sets the dark door slightly ajar.*)

POPPY-LADY repeats a few measures of her solo dance then retires smiling with her finger upon her lips.

THE COMING OF THE GOOD DREAMS:

The COLUMBINE and the MOUNTAIN ZEPHYR: A chorus of nodding, swaying columbines follows the MOUNTAIN ZEPHYR in its play. The Mountain Zephyr is all in soft green draperies and weaves in and out of the lavender and white of the columbines.

The DANCE of the COTTON-FLANNEL BUNNIES: (*A soft scratching and squeaking is heard at the door-way, then a soft head is thrust through—In hop the Nursery Bunnies. Babette*

(*Concluded on page 72*)

* Used by courtesy of Mrs. G. B. McFall of Denver.
† From Virgil's Aeneid

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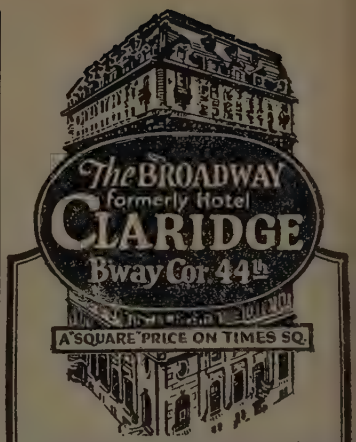

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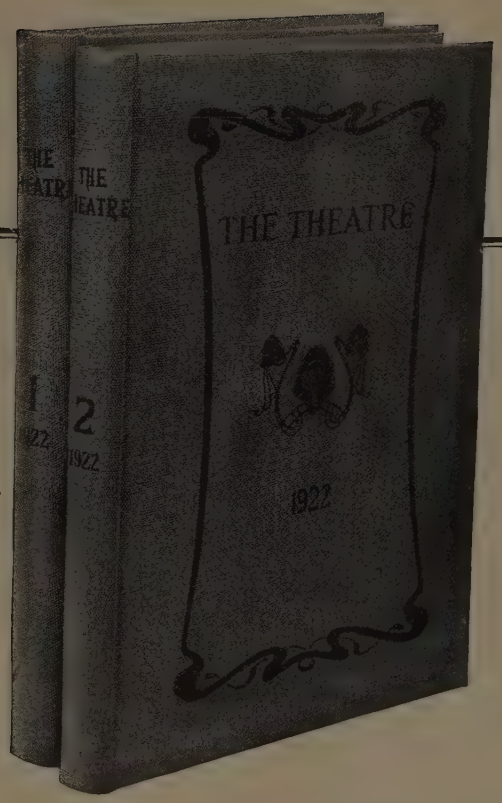

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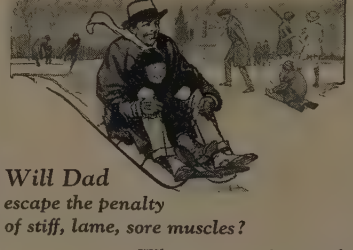

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Theatre Magazine 1922 Title Pages—Vols. 35 and 36 will be ready February, 1923.

THE SCREEN

(*Continued from page 34*)

shall realistic narratives be photographed in black and white, as in the past? Is it, or is it not, artistic to introduce a few scenes in color into a composition that is rendered, for the most part, in black and white—as was done by D. W. Griffith in *Way Down East?* Would *Robin Hood* have been a better picture if it had been photographed in color—or would *Hungry Hearts?* Granted that our artists of the screen have hitherto conceived their effects in terms of black and white—or, to state the situation more precisely, in terms of light and shadow—in what ways shall they be forced to reconceive their effects for projection through the ampler terms of a medium which embraces all the colors of the spectrum? One would logically assume that committee meetings would have been called in all of the big studios, long before this, for the discussion of the foregoing questions and scores of other corollary problems. But the fact is that these interesting and forward-looking questions have never been considered by the captains and the kings of the motion picture industry; because, to the minds of these merchants, such problems have seemed less important than their more insistent task of extending and preserving an empery of real-estate. Hence the perfected invention of color photography has caught the industry off its guard.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

THE picture called *The Toll of the Sea* is not, of course, the first experiment in color photography that has been exhibited to the public; but it is the first full-length motion picture that has been photographed in color, from the outset to the end, with results that are completely satisfactory, from both th escientific and artistic standpoints. This picture was produced by the Technicolor process, and was released by Metro. I have no knowledge of the scientific and artistic standpoints. natural effects of color were reproduced upon the screen; but, as an uninformed observer, I am able to report that these effects seemed perfect and impeccable—in long shots, in medium shots, and in close-ups. The exhibition was convincing and complete. Furthermore, the artistic impression was not only novel, but enchanting. A new world of loveliness seemed suddenly opened up for exploration. It was as if an appreciative connoisseur who had been nurtured on the laudable photography of Alfred Stieglitz had suddenly been wafted to Venice on a magic carpet and had been permitted, for the first time, to sense the art of painting from the canvasses of Veronese.

The producers of this epoch-making picture, *The Toll of the Sea,* were well advised when they chose a thoroughly familiar story for the immediate means of exploiting this new adventure in scientific technique. As the subject-matter for this experiment in color photography, they selected *Madame Butterfly.* For some unknown reason they shifted the locale from Japan to China; and, to justify the new title they added a scene at the beginning wherein the American hero was rescued from the sea by the Oriental heroine, and another scene at the end wherein the heroine plunged into the sea in search of solace and oblivion and peace. Also, they changed the name of Madame Butterfly to *Lotus Flower,* and they changed the name of Pinkerton to "Carver." Otherwise they followed the original story much more closely than is customary in the industry.

The only surprising fact is that one of the leading legends on the film read, "Story by Frances Marion," without making any mention whatsoever of the name of the original author, Mr. John Luther Long.

CLARENCE

WILLIAM C. de MILLE'S recent version of Mr. Booth Tarkington's stage-comedy called *Clarence* is the best of his pictures to date and must be applauded as a very fine accomplishment. The picture is not unworthy of the play; it is a faithful translation of a given project from the terms of one art into the terms of another. The continuity which was written by Mrs. Clara Beranger, is worthy of especial praise. The two chief changes which she has made in the construction of the story have bettered it and tightened it. She decided, very sagely, to open the narrative in the home of the Wheelers instead of in Mr. Wheeler's office, in order to establish the family atmosphere before the figure of the stranger Clarence, was plumped into the pattern; and she decided also to make the lover of the flapper daughter a personal secretary to Mr. Wheeler—instead of a married man that she had met at a distant country club—so that this character might always be handy about the house, for convenience in manipulating his exits and his entrances. The sub-titles are all written in the key of Mr. Tarkington; and also, they are mercifully few in number. The picture is well cast, and the acting, on the whole, is excellent. The best performance is that of May McAvoy, who easily surpasses the over-touted Helen Hayes, whose performance of the same part on the stage was excessively bumptious. The matching of the various shots is superlatively fine. Instead of playing a scene several times and photographing it from various distances and angles, Mr. William de Mille plays it only once but photographs it simultaneously by a battery of cameras stationed at different angles and different distances. For this procedure, he must be blessed by the silent army of toilers in the

(*Concluded on Page 70*)

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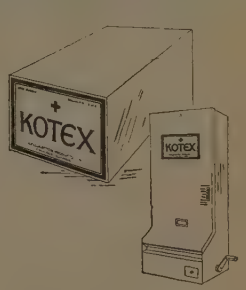

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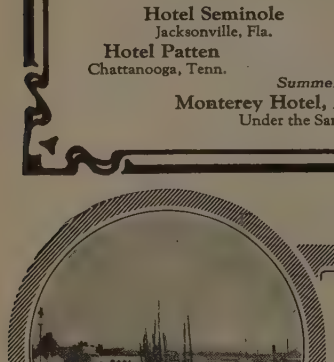

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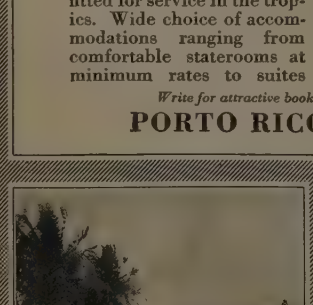

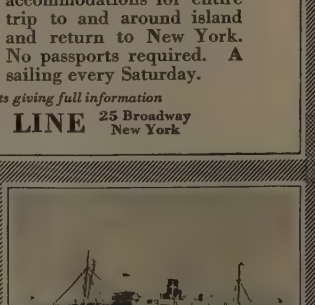

THE SCREEN

(*Concluded from page 68*)

cutting-room. His close-ups always match his long shots, for the simple little reason that it is impossible for the camera to lie.

But, in reviewing so fine a picture as *Clarence,* it is difficult to disregard the fact that this achievement is merely a translation, and also to forget the fact that, before he entered "the industry," Mr. de Mille was, himself, an original playwright whose compositions for the stage seemed more important and more promising than Mr. Tarkington's. Why, one wonders, should such a talent be expended on the secondary task of translating a work of art from one medium to another?

LORNA DOONE

BUT, even if it should be granted that the proper province of the motion picture is to translate established works of art from one medium of narrative to another, it would appear that, since the cinema must tell its tale in pictures, its subject-matter should be as pictorial as possible. *Clarence,* which is a psychologic study of family life in this country at the present hour, is not a pictorial story; but a romantic novel like *Lorna Doone* is much more cinematographic in its ingredients. It affords an imaginative director frequent opportunities to look upon the screen as a painter's canvas; it gives him a story that is not only stirring in narrative but gorgeous in its picturesqueness.

Mr. Maurice Tourneur has made a very fine production of *Lorna Doone.* This director is a veritable artist. Despite the fact that he used to be an actor, years ago, with Antoine and at the Odéon, his vision is more pictorial than theatrical. His weak point has usually been a tendency to wander away from the logical continuity of his narrative in search of sheer visual beauty in the by-paths of his production. But, in the instance of *Lorna Doone,* his errant fancy has been held to continuity by the steadfast structure of the Blackmore novel. This picture is exceptionally beautiful to look upon; and it also translates a sturdy story into terms that seem scarcely less sturdy on the screen.

HUNGRY HEARTS

HUNGRY HEARTS, by Anzia Yezierska, is neither adapted from a novel nor translated from a play. Though it borrows certain characters and incidents from Miss Yezierska's published volume of short-stories of life among the Russian Jewish immigrants in the Ghetto of New York, this photoplay was written directly for the screen by the author herself, in collaboration with Mr. Julian Josephson. The name of Mr. Josephson is not so well known to the general public as it ought to be; but, within the industry, he is generally regarded as one of the very finest artists in the delicate craft of writing continuity. Though it is apparent that the finished picture has been tampered with, ample evidence remains of the extraordinary merit of Mr. Josephson's original continuity for *Hungry Hearts.* It tells a very simple story of a family of Russian Jewish peasants who, driven away from their home by the persecutions of the old Czarist régime, emigrate to America in the expectation of finding a promised land flowing with milk and honey; it shows, in terms of comedy as well as pathos, their disillusionment and disappointment when they are huddled into an airless, sunless tenement on the Lower East Side; and it rises finally to real dramatic power when these immigrants achieve happiness in the discovery that America is not so much a geographical region as a state of mind. The characters are richly human and are beautifully drawn. Moreover, all of them are admirably acted and the director, Mr. E. Mason Hopper, should be congratulated upon achieving a production that seems, at all points, more like life than it seems like a motion picture.

TOO MANY COOKS

IT is evident that Mr. Josephson had carefully built his story to culminate in a court-room scene with the unexpected and triumphant vindication of his chief protagonist, the Jewish mother who is magnificently played by Rose Rosanova; but somebody or other—doubtless, some member of the sales force—has been permitted to append an anticlimax in the form of a sentimental epilogue. This epilogue which is set in a little white cottage in the suburbs, some years after the story has been completed, reassembles all the characters in their best clothes, states that all of them are making money, and permits them all to slap each other on the back and to agree that America is a good country after all. Nothing could be more conventional than that.

It was also a mistake to invite Mr. Montague Glass to tamper with the title sheet and to embroider the narrative with several extraneous witticisms. The peculiar humor of Potash and Perlmutter, of which Mr. Glass is the justly celebrated master, is very different in quality from the profounder humor of Miss Yezierska's peasant immigrants as these characters were originally conceived by the author and by Mr. Josephson; and by adding some clever laughs to the picture, Mr. Glass has actually subtracted somewhat from its essential humor.

It is a great pity that *Hungry Hearts* could not have been released a year or more ago. At that time, it would have been compared by the public with that exceedingly successful picture, *Humoresque,* which it far surpasses as a human document because it is less sentimental, more humorous, more dramatic, and more true.

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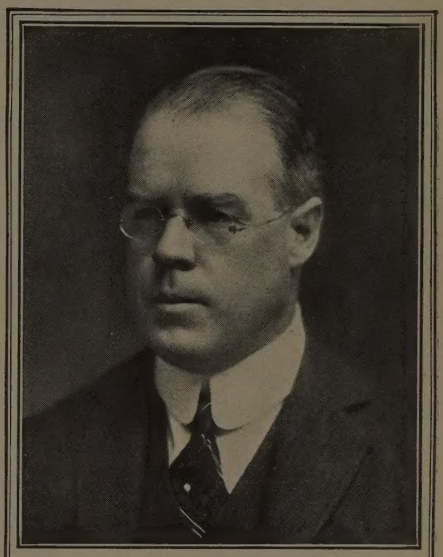

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THE LAND WHERE THE GOOD DREAMS GROW

(Concluded from Page 64)

smiles as they jump about her in friendly fashion.)
(The light brightens a bit and the orchestra suggests the sounds of dawn. In great haste and confusion the live bunnies hop through the dark door and it closes softly behind them. Babette sleeps quietly.)
Enter DAWN—Solo Dancer.
(Dawn wears floating draperies of pearly gray with glimpses of rose, she suggests a great dusky rose with unfolding petals of palest pink and a heart of gold. The light changes as she dances, flushing with opal tints. Dawn is followed by a single SUNBEAM, *then another, then a host of bright yellow sprites. The sounds of happy awakening life grow louder.)*
DANCE of the SUNBEAMS
(During this dance Babette rises upon her elbow, smiles at the morning light.)
(Enter CEDRIC *puffing valiantly upon his hollow reed, the birds give happy awakening chirps in answer. Dawn fades away. The Sunbeams group themselves at sides of stage.)*
BABETTE *(Springing up and looking saucily at Cedric)*
I was not afraid.
CEDRIC *(Slowly with amazed curiosity)*
You were *not* afraid!
(From out the dark doorway the Poet comes, his pack upon his shoulder and book in hand. He starts in surprise at sight of Babette.)
(Cedric spys a wounded bird at side of stage, he bends over it muttering compassionately, then picks it up tenderly and holds it to his breast.)
POET:
Poor child! So young a pilgrim at the gate of dreams!
BABETTE: *(Looking back wistfully and reaching out her arms)*
Oh, they were beautiful!
POET: *(Sadly, taking her hand)*
And now like me forever you must bear
A pack of dreams upon your back—
Forever you must bear the bitter jibe
Of those who only know the world they see
And touch—
BABETTE *(Joyously)*
—But dreams *are real,* more real than all
This fleeting world we see and touch,
For dreams shall live when hearts of men are dust!
(Cedric, who has been muttering and crooning to the wounded bird looks up and joins them.)
CEDRIC:
Things with wings will die—
BABETTE *(Raising her arms in exultation)*
But *some* will live,
And *grow*—
And learn to *fly!*
CEDRIC *(Wistfully), putting his flute to his lips)*
CEDRIC *can make them fly!*
(As the curtain falls, the Poet, Babette and Cedric stand hand in hand. Strains of triumphant bird-song are heard.)

Information relative to the producing rights and the staging of "The Land Where the Good Dreams Grow" will be gladly furnished on request. A list of plays for children will also be sent on receipt of 10c. to cover the cost of mailing.

Address the Editor, The Amateur Stage Dept.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATRE

(Concluded from page 44)

stead of "Soil"—and "Out of the Night," a melodrama written by John Smith especially for the theatre. In addition, the repertoire included George Paston's "Feed the Brute," and Anton Tchekoff's "The Boor." The original plays were very successful and these prizes will again be offered to all residents of the United States and Canada who have not had a play published or professionally produced.

In addition to the plays, an important feature of the Little Country Theatre is its extensive exhibit of pictures, books, magazines, posters, etc., with hundreds of catalogs, lists of plays and bulletins for free distribution, with two ro three experienced people in charge to aid people interested in the solution of their problems.

The State Fair Country Theatre is a demonstration and an advertisement for the County Fair Theatre "movement" in the state, and is so handled. The "County theatre" will, of course, exist in the country—if anywhere, and so successful has it been that a dozen county fairs have taken up the idea with success—having the various communities of the county present plays at the fairs in competition for prizes awarded for the plays best presented. These competitions have created keen interest, and in all probability some of the local prize winning clubs will be seen in action at the next State Fair Theatre.

While the County Theatre adventure is the most unique work of the Cornell Club and has had the widest publicity, it is only a by-product of steady work at home. Its constantly improving and increasingly varied work certainly gives it rank among the most energetic of University Clubs, and its opportunities for all-round initiative and experience will be unexcelled when the Cornell Union, with its model little theatre designed expressly for such work as the Club has developed, is built.

Editor's Note: Those of our readers in country districts who are interested in this movement will be supplied with further information on request. *(Address The Amateur Editor.)*

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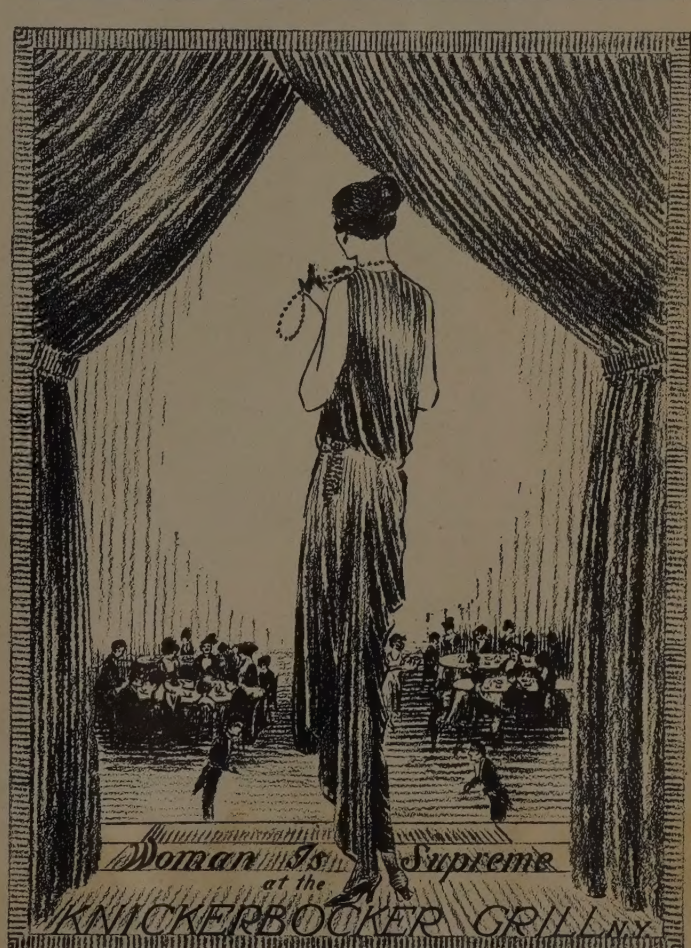

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French Singers Coming

The projected tour of the United States and Canada by a company of artists from the Opéra Comique and the Théatre de la Gaieté Lyrique of Paris will open this month in Quebec. The Canadian performances, says *Musical America,* will be given under the management of J. A. Gauvin, and the entire tour will cover about twenty weeks. The cities of the United States thus far included in the itinerary are New York, Chicago and Boston.

The conductor, some of the musicians of the orchestra and a full investiture for the productions will be brought from Paris. The chorus will be recruited among vocalists of Montreal, according to report. The répertoire will include several operas, principally by French composers, among them Massenet's *Manon* and *Werther* and Thomas' *Mignon.* The tour will also afford opportunity to hear some of the delightful older operettas now rarely given in the United States, such as Lecocq's *La Fille de Mme. Angot* and *Le Petit Duc.* Offenbach's *La Fille du Tambour Major,* Audran's *Mascotte* and Planquette's *Chimes of Normandy.*

The Einstein theory is in the movies! The film was two years in the making. Six associates and students of Professor Einstein did the technical work. It required 76,000 illustrations and the use of hundreds of models of globes, suns and stars. The film has in it pictures of the last eclipse of 1919 as evidence tending to confirm the Einstein theory.

The title of *Passions of the Sea* has been changed to *Lost and Found,* with a sub-title, *In the South Sea Islands.* The picture was made in Tahiti under the direction of R. A. Walsh. The cast includes House Peters, Pauline Starke, Antonio Moreno, Mary Jane Irving and Rosemary Theby. Carey Wilson is the author.

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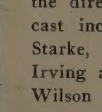

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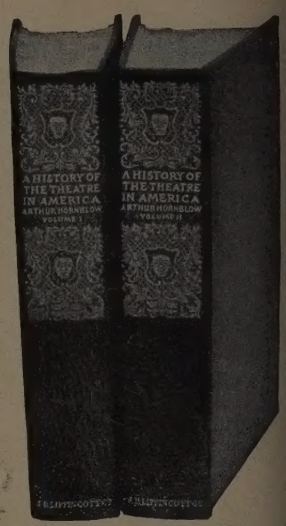

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